

Issue 83

VZ

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FREE INSIDE!
CYBERSPACE
SEX HAT
PLUS
GRAPHIC SEX
& NUDITY IN
THE CLONE
PRINCESS

**Top of
the bill!**

Luvvie Darling
Roger Mellie

8 Ace
Spoilt
Bastard

**'DULL &
HUMOURLESS'**

LOADED

**'ABSOLUTE LOAD
OF RUBBISH'**

NOTTINGHAM EVENING POST

To BE, or not
to... erm...

erm... er....

Prompt!

I don't care
who you are. I was
here FIRST, you
horsefaced old
toilet!



9 770952 796030

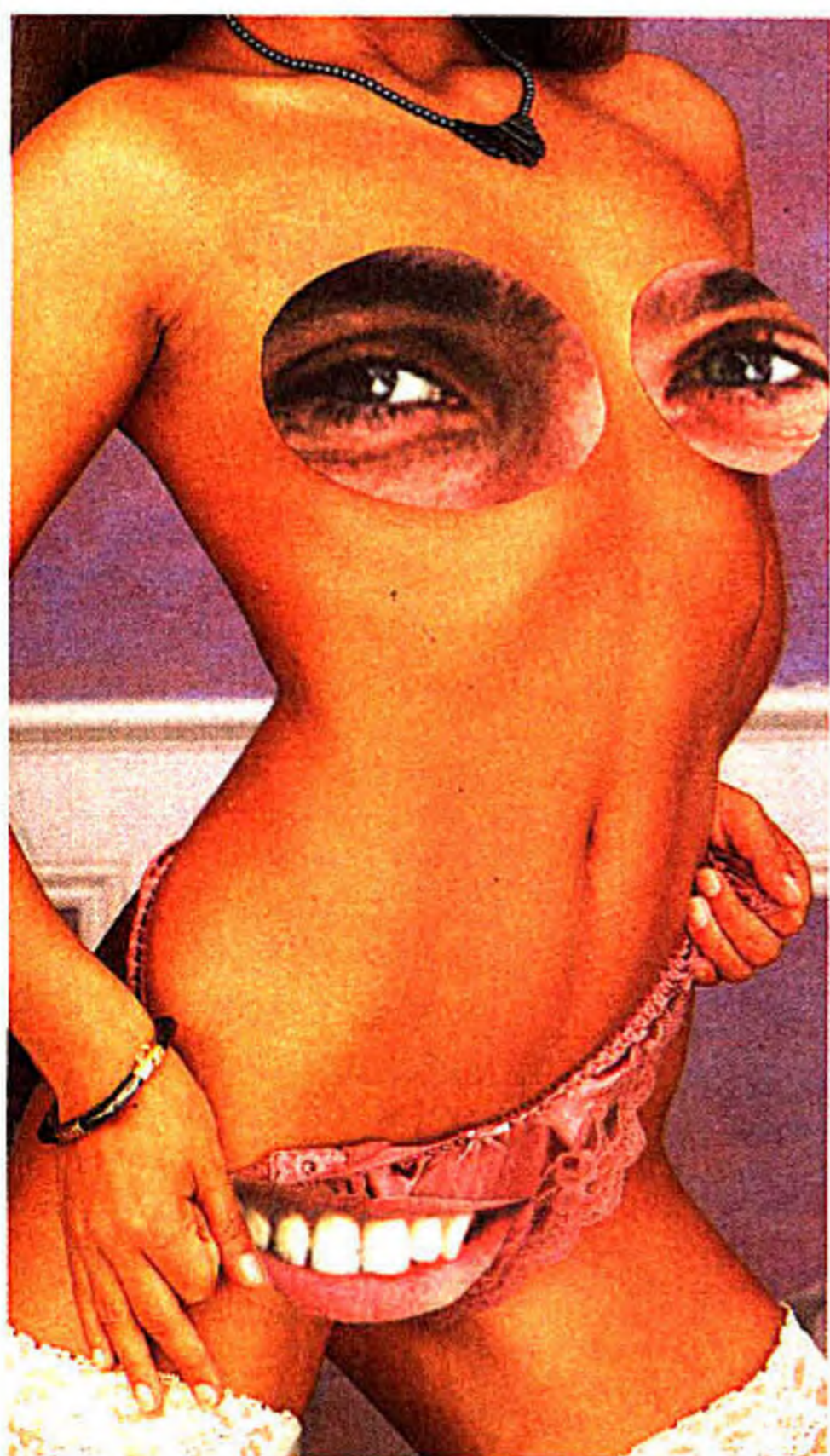


"Viz gets my vote. Eye say tit's breast for competitions"
says Tony Blair



Peek-a-boob!

Who's nosing in the knockers?



Phooarr!! What an eyeful, eh readers? No wonder our mystery mammary star's eyes are lighting up!

But who is that familiar face peering through the missing boobs of page 3 lovely Lisa Bangert? Here's a clue. With a view like that, he may well have got a *Rock On* in his trousers.

We've also stuck our celebrities' lips onto lovely Lisa's lingerie. Hold the picture at arms length, and you should see the face of a well known former Radio One DJ. Recognise him?

WE'LL FLY YOU TO THE MOON!

If you can name our Page 3 Peeping Tom and our Tit-Eye Knicker-Mouth Look-a-like, you could win a champagne trip to the Moon. Pop their names on a post card and send them to: Peek-a-boob! Page 3, Viz, P.O. Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT. The judges decision is final, and no-one will get a prize.

Last week's winner was Mike Madeupname of Kent. He correctly identified Rolf Harris leering out of Sam Fox's knocker-holes, giving an overall impression of Roger Moore. Mike wins a castle in Germany and a lifetime's supply of cuckoo clocks.

Griffin hell!

You silly banker!

By our Comedy Bad Timing Tattoo Correspondent
RIK SHITE

BANK fan Bob Arsehole has been getting the needle from pals - since having the logo of his favourite High Street bank tattooed on his leg.

Bob's face went *in the red* when he heard that the Midland Bank are set to change their famous 'Griffin' logo, only hours after his new tattoo was finished.

"I couldn't believe it", said Bob. "I paid £150 for the tattoo, and now it's completely useless. I feel a complete *banker*".

Account

Bob, 37, chose the design because the Midland were his favourite High Street bank. He's had an account with them since 1978. But the tattoo is attracting *interest* for all the wrong reasons.

"I've been getting loads of stick from my mates at work. It's a nightmare. I have to wear my trousers all the time to stop them taking the piss", he told us.

Adduke

Bob went loco after the Midland scrapped their hundred year old logo as part of a £500 billion spring revamp. But Bob, of Thornaby, Middlesbrough, is calling bank bosses to *account* for their sudden *loss of interest* in the old design. "At very least I think they should give me my £150 back", he claimed.

Abbaron

However Bob's bank manager Frank Coronary was unwilling to help. "You've got to give him *credit* for his enthusiasm", he told us. "But Mr Arsehole should have *chequed* with me before having the tattoo done".

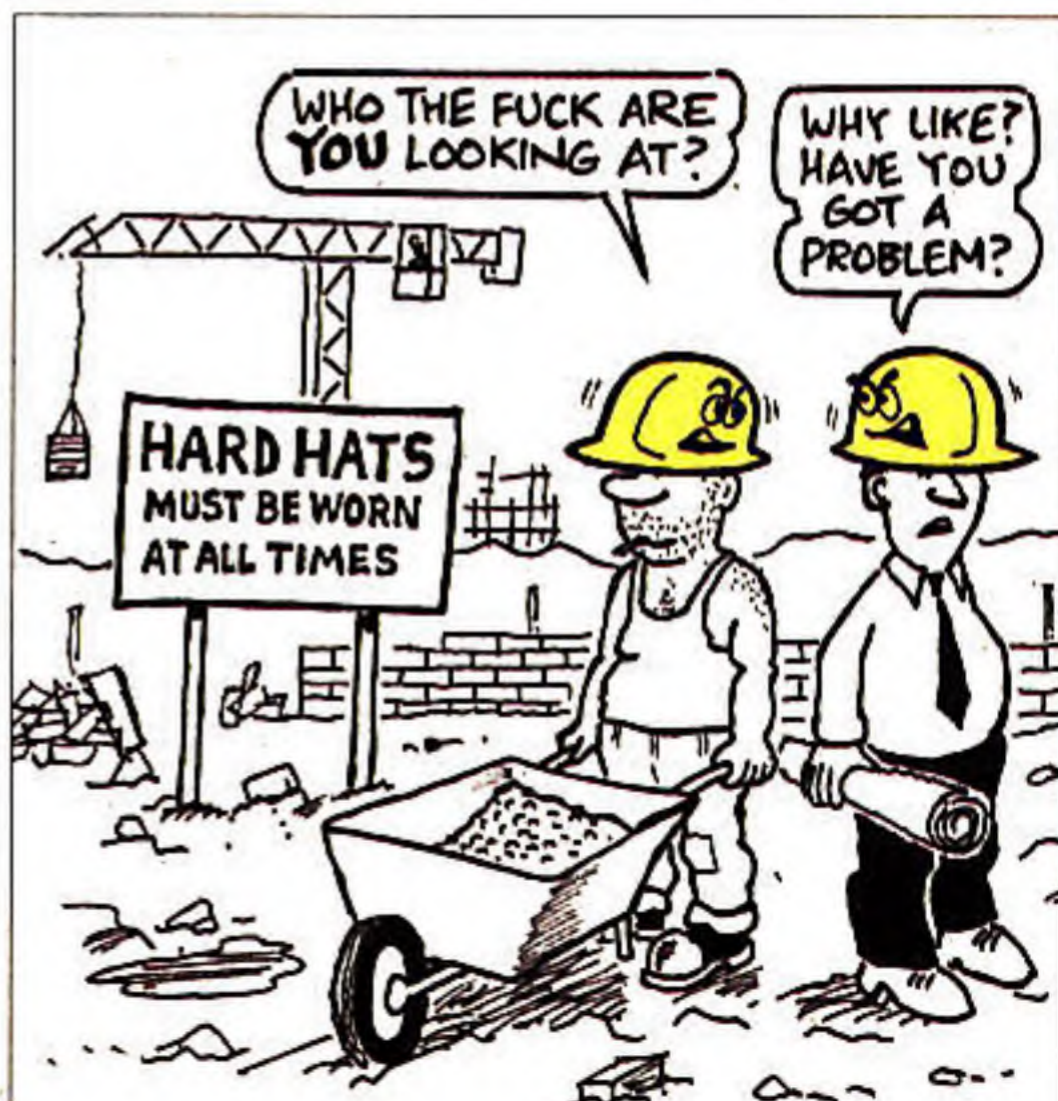
Aeearl

Tattooist Ron Mildew confirmed that the no-go logo could not be easily *over-drawn*. "I just draw what people ask for", he told us. "If they change their mind after they've sobered up, that's their tough luck. For another £250 I might be able to make it look like Pamela Anderson, but I can't promise anything".

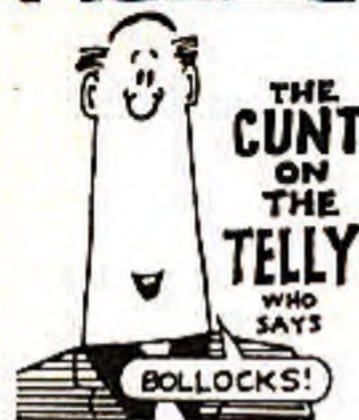
Bob's lost interest in new tattoo



The 'listening bank' didn't want to hear about Bob's tattoo. They're going with the new logo (right).



ROGER MELLIE



ROGER. THERE'S A GAP IN THE DAYTIME SCHEDULES FOR A CHAT SHOW MONDAY LUNCH TIME. EAMON HOLMES IS TOO FAT TO FIT IN THE STUDIO. ARE YOU INTERESTED?



HMM! MONDAY LUNCHTIME, EH?
YES. EASY GOING, MIDDLE OF THE ROAD. NOTHING TOO RAUNCHY. A BIT 'PEBBLE MILL' IF YOU LIKE

TOM, I'VE GOT THE PERFECT THING...



DON'T FORGET YOUR BOG BRUSH!

IT'S BRILLIANT. ALL WE NEED IS AN EXCITABLE STUDIO AUDIENCE AND A LORRY LOAD OF RED HOT CURRY



THEY EAT IT, BUT FIRST WE GIVE THEM LAXATIVES

THEN WE WHISK 'EM OFF TO ALTON TOWERS AND BUNG'EM ON A ROLLER COASTER! HEY PRESTO- FIRST ONE TO SHIT BLOOD WINS A FERRARI!



NO, ROGER. THIS ISN'T CHANNEL 4 WE NEED SOMETHING BLAND. NOT TOO TAXING. THINK CAROL SMILEY

OKAY, HOW ABOUT THIS? 'THANK WANK ARSE TITS MONDAY'



DON'T BE RIDICULOUS. THIS IS DAYTIME TV. WE CAN'T POSSIBLY GET AWAY WITH THAT!

I KNOW, I KNOW. BUT HERE'S THE CLEVER BIT. WE ONLY USE THE INITIALS



AH! YOU MEAN LIKE 'T.F.I. FRIDAY' EH?
YES! GOOD IDEA, ROGER. I LIKE THAT

THE SHOW GOES OUT LIVE THIS MONDAY AT ONE. SO BE AT THE STUDIO FOR 12.30



OKAY, TOM. SEE YOU THEN

TUESDAY AFTERNOON...



ROGER'S HERE TO SEE YOU
OH, GOOD. SEND HIM IN

AH, ROGER. WHERE THE HELL WERE YOU YESTERDAY. WHAT THE FUCK!?



NOT SO LOUD, EH, TOM!? MY HEAD IS KILLING ME!



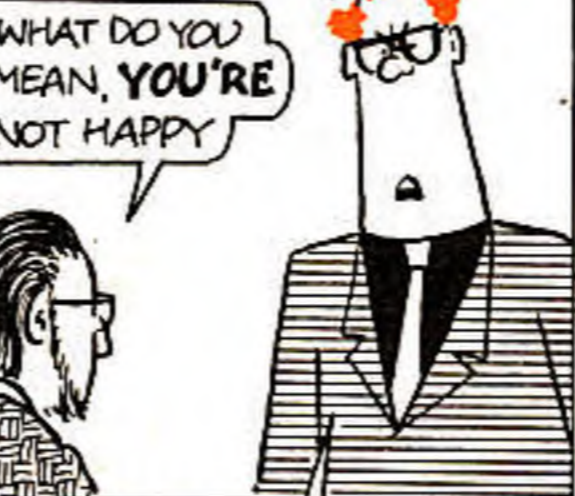
WHAT A NIGHT!
WENT ON A BENDER ALL DAY WITH DANNY BAKER. HAVEN'T SLEPT A WINK

ROGER! WHAT ABOUT YOUR NEW SHOW? YOU NEVER TURNED UP. I HAD TO CANCEL THE FIRST EPISODE



OH, YES. I WANTED TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT THAT, ACTUALLY

I'M NOT HAPPY, TOM



WHAT DO YOU MEAN, YOU'RE NOT HAPPY
I WANT MORE MONEY. TEN GRAND A WEEK. AND I WANT MONDAYS OFF

BUT ROGER, YOUR SHOW IS ON MONDAYS



THAT'S NOT MY PROBLEM, TOM
THAT'S YOUR FUCKING PROBLEM

I'M STRESSED OUT, TOM. I'VE BEEN DRINKING... I MEAN WORKING TOO HARD



I NEED TIME OFF! I'M BURNING OUT.

OKAY, SO WHEN EXACTLY DO YOU WANT TO WORK?



I'LL WORK WHEN I FEEL LIKE IT. I'M A FUCKING GENIUS, FOR GOD'S SAKE!

FROM NOW ON, I WANT TEN MILLION A YEAR, UP FRONT... IF I FEEL LIKE DOING A SHOW, I'LL LET YOU KNOW



OH, AND ONE MORE THING, TOM...

YOU'RE FIRED!



BUT ROGER... YOU WORK FOR ME, REMEMBER? I'M THE PRODUCER

YEAH!? WELL PRODUCE THIS, THEN!



SMACK!
OOF!!

SIX WEEKS LATER, IN HARPO'S CLUB, SOHO... FANCY ANOTHER CRATE OF CHAMPAGNE, ANYONE?



WHY-AYE, MAN
GOR BLIMEY! GO AWAY MY OLD SAN. I'LL AVE ANAVVA!
HIC! HEH! HEH! LOOK AT ME TITS

A LETTER FOR YOU, MR. MELLIE



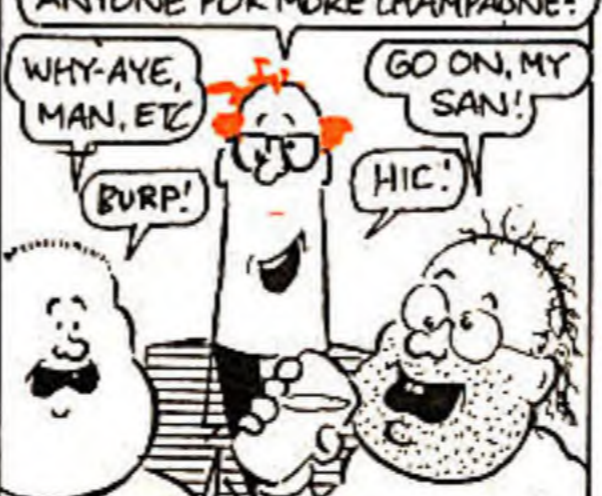
OH, GOOD!
IT'S PROBABLY A PAY CHEQUE

I DON'T BELIEVE IT! THEY'VE FREED ME FROM MY CONTRACT. I'VE BEEN SACKED



HEH! HEH! LOOK AT ME TITS!
THEY CAN'T TREAT YOU LIKE THAT. IT'S A FACKING DISGRACE!
WHY-AYE, MAN
THEY WANT A BLEEDIN' SLAP, THEY DO

TWO YEARS LATER...



ANYONE FOR MORE CHAMPAGNE?
WHY-AYE, MAN, ETC
BURP!
GO ON, MY SAN!
HIC!
OH, SHIT! THAT WAS THE LAST OF THE MONEY

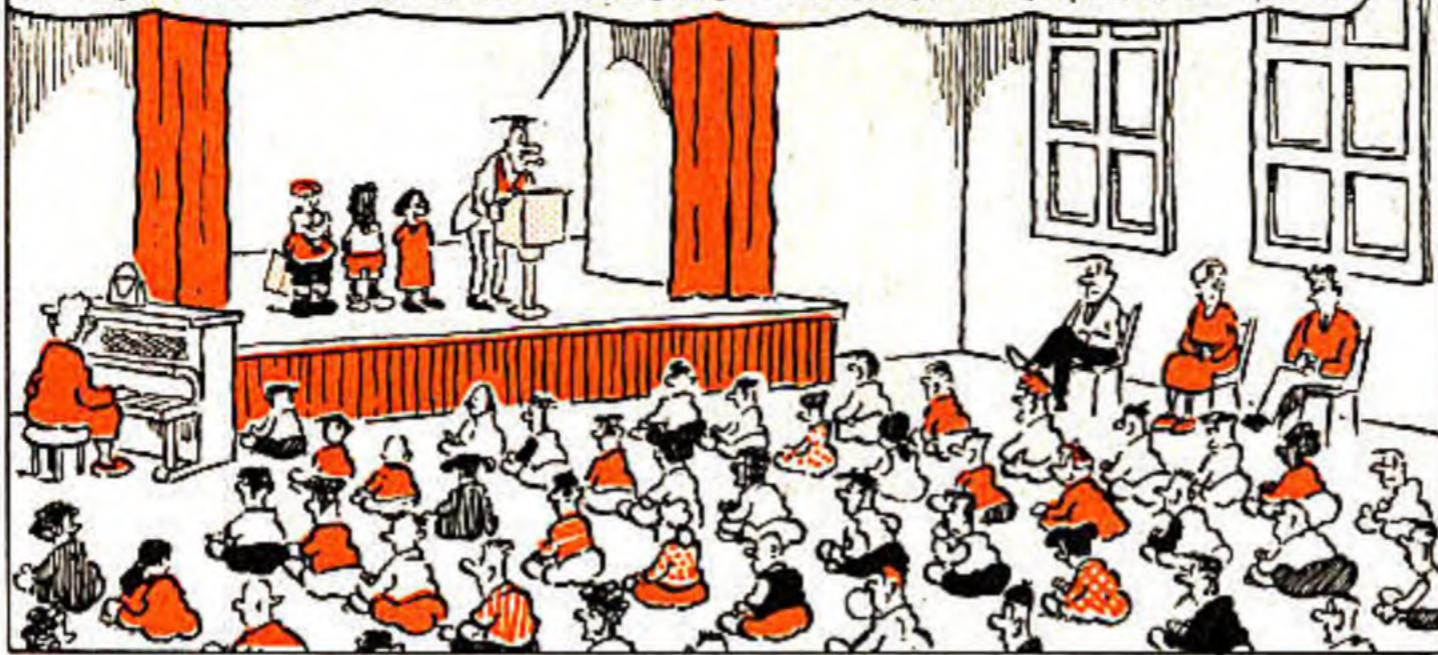
SHORTLY... HAVE YOU MET OUR NEW NEIGHBOUR YET? SIMON DEE



CHAMPION. I LOVE A BIG FIRE, ME
HI!
ANYONE FOR MORE METHS?



NOW THEN, CHILDREN. TOMORROW IS THE DAY OF THE ELECTION FOR HEAD PREFECT, SO WE'RE GOING TO HEAR THE THREE CANDIDATES SPEAK. YOU CAN THEN MAKE UP YOUR MIND AS TO WHO YOU ARE GOING TO VOTE FOR. RIGHT, WHO'S FIRST?



MY NAME IS SHIRLEY, AND IF I WIN, I'M GOING TO MAKE THE TUCK SHOP SELL APPLES AS WELL AS SWEETS, AND I'LL MAKE A NICE WILDLIFE GARDEN IN A CORNER OF THE SCHOOL FIELD



VERY GOOD, SHIRLEY, VERY GOOD INDEED. NOW IT'S YOUR TURN, JOE



MY NAME IS JOE, AND IF YOU VOTE FOR ME, I'LL GET NEW NETS FOR THE FOOTBALL PITCH AND SET UP A LITTER PATROL IN THE PLAYGROUND AT DINNERTIME



CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!



CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!



FWIP!



YES, YES, YES! WE'VE HEARD IT ALL BEFORE, HAVEN'T WE. IT'S EASY TO BANDY ABOUT PROMISES, BUT I ALONE AMONGST THESE CANDIDATES WILL DELIVER POLICIES TO TAKE THIS SCHOOL INTO THE NEXT MILLIENUM...



I AM NOT INTERESTED IN TUCK SHOPS OR WILDLIFE GARDENS. I AM NOT INTERESTED IN FOOTBALL NETS OR LITTER PATROLS. I AM ONLY INTERESTED IN ONE ISSUE IN THIS ELECTION...



AND WHEN I'M ELECTED, I WILL ENSURE THAT FAT AND SMELLY CHILDREN, LIKE ATKINSON, WILL BE SEGREGATED INTO THEIR OWN CLASSROOM, ALONG WITH THOSE FROM THE COUNCIL ESTATE. CHILDREN WHO PERISTANTLY HAVE LICE WILL BE PUT IN THE STOCKS AND STONED BY THE CLEANCHILDREN



PUPILS WITH VERUCCAS WILL BE BANNED FROM SWIMMING FOR LIFE! - AND LIFE SHALL MEAN LIFE! YES! THE TIME HAS COME TO STAND UP AGAINST THIS RISING TIDE OF SOCIAL SECURITY SCROUNGERS AND SINGLE PARENT SCUMS



UNLESS WE SAY ENOUGH IS ENOUGH NOW... I GUARANTEE YOU... THERE'LL BE RIVERS OF NITS IN OUR CORRIDORS BEFORE HALF TERM



SO TOMORROW, VOTE DECENCY, VOTE HONESTY. VOTE TIMPSON!



SILENCE!!



NEXT DAY... COME ON, WOMAN, HURRY UP. I'VE GOT TO START PRESSING THE FLESH WITH THE VOTERS



HELLO, HELLO, GOOD MORNING. I HOPE I CAN COUNT ON YOUR VOTE TODAY



WELL, I'M NOT GOING TO SLING MUD IN THIS ELECTION, BUT I'D LIKE TO POINT OUT THAT SHE SHOWED HER KNICKERS TO BRIAN BEHIND THE RABBIT HUTCHES AND SHE WEED HERSELF DURING MUSIC AND MOVEMENT... AND SHE TOLD ME YOU SMELL



VOTE FOR MY TIMMY!...MY TIMMY FOR PREFECT



SHORTLY...



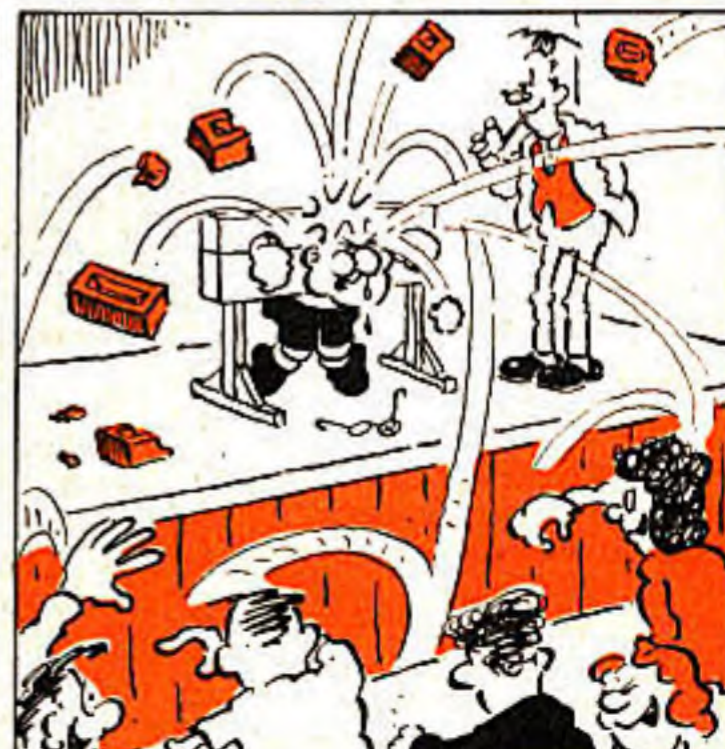
RIGHT, EVERYONE I'VE COUNTED THE VOTES, AND HERE ARE THE RESULTS. SHIRLEY, THIRTY TWO VOTES. JOE, TWENTY NINE VOTES...



... AS THERE ARE ONLY SIXTY TWO PUPILS IN THE SCHOOL, AND TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY OF TIMMY'S VOTES WERE IN A BUNDLE HELD TOGETHER WITH AN ELASTIC BAND, I'M AFRAID TIMMY WILL HAVE TO BE DIS-QUALIFIED.



SO SHIRLEY IS OUR NEW HEAD PREFECT. HOWEVER, WE HAVE TAKEN NOTICE OF ALL OUR CANDIDATES' SUGGESTIONS...





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Letterbocks

Behr faced cheek

I watched with interest the first episode of 'Dani Dares', during which Dani Behr joined a US bounty hunting outfit. The highpoint was when Dani (and her two armed friends) cornered some poor bastard who then had to suffer the indignity of being knelt on, cuffed and dragged off to nick by a blonde television presenter. Dani appeared to be having a great time. Perhaps she would like to try her hand at some slightly more down to earth TV law enforcement here in the West Midlands. Me and my mates would love to give her a thorough kicking round the back of my local. Perhaps with no teeth, a Stanley facial and a face black from booting, the glamorous cow might decide to return to more conventional programme formats.

The Iceman
Wolverhampton

I decided to save all my money for a rainy day. The next day it rained, and having saved less than £3, I spent it all on a packet of fags and a newspaper.

A. Brigden
Liverpool

Are there any Viz readers who went to school, college or university with overpaid BBC TV holiday show host Jill Dando? If so, I just wondered if you called her "Jan Dildo" behind her back.

Andrew Holmes
Glasgow

If you're planning a ceremony to hand out the awards to the Celebrity Cunt winners, might I suggest this as a possible venue?

Sean McManus
Stevenage



Jazz mag blues

I've been buying jazz mags for as long as I can remember, but unlike other mags they never put CDs on the cover. No wonder Ronnie Scott did himself in.

David Hirst
Bath

They say that 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush'. Bollocks! I asked my wife to wank me off, then I shagged her twice. I much preferred the two in the bush to the one in her hand.

Tony Browett
Coates

Perhaps we should deliberately lose the next World War. That way, we won't get knocked out of the World Cup by Germany anymore. Cos we'll be Germany then. It's just an idea.

Rod Curtain
Northampton



FILTERED TOP TIPS

Viz
THE BEST OF

Letterbocks

HILARIOUS HIGHLIGHTS
& TIPS FROM BRITAIN'S
CRAPPIEST LETTERS PAGE

H.M. Court Hearing Writing
LAUGHING TOO MUCH CAN MAKE YOU WET YOUR PANTS

*There's a Letterbocks swearing pen - the pen that money simply cannot buy - plus a copy of our Letterbocks book - the book that people simply will not buy - for every letter published.

Ugly truth

They say that honesty is the best policy. Well, the other day I told a motorcyclist in the pub that his girlfriend was boot ugly, which was the truth. In reward for my honesty I got a broken nose, lost eight teeth, and have suffered blackouts ever since.

P. Tart
Toaster

Mare faced cheek

What's all this about Camilla Parker-Bowles looking like a horse? I wouldn't mind giving her some oats, I can tell you. The old mare can shit on my roses any day.

Vince Brandon
Margate



The Sex Pistols called for anarchy in the UK. Well, if it's anarchy Johnny Rotten is after, why doesn't he go and live in Albania? Instead of dining on rocket and quail's arse salads with his poncey pals in Soho's Groucho Club. The cunt.

T. Horseoftheyearshow
Wembley

Perhaps you could help settle an argument. My brother says that Hitler's hair was tapered at the back. But I insist he had a straight cut above the collar. Who is right?

Paul Noodle
Kettering



Your brother wins the bet, Paul. As you can see from this photo, Hitler had a greased back graduated crop, tapered towards the neck. The extra body on top enabled a strong right parting and produced that famous swept fringe. It also appears to be hiding the beginnings of a bald patch which, had he not committed suicide in 1945, may have lead to major 'Heir' problems during his planned period of world domination.

I am just writing in to ask if any letters in Letterbocks are actually real letters actually really sent in by actual real readers (and writers). Please print my letter, and a response to it, in Viz, as I'm sure I'm not the only one who's a bit slow.

Adam Stanton
Rushden

No Adam, you're not. And they aren't.

Wasp a load of rubbish

What you don't know can't hurt you, or so we're told. Well, last week I didn't know that a wasp had crawled into my slipper, and it hurt me a great deal. Once again, the so-called experts get it wrong.

M. J. Bristow
Belfast

Mate's dad's fucking spaz

□ My mate's dad (David Wolstencroft) is such a fucking spaz. He once told his son Robert that he couldn't take his radio cassette on an aeroplane because it would be mistaken for a bomb. And on another occasion he argued for 15 minutes with his wife about whether or not he ate chicken, whilst wearing a pink V neck sweater and emerald green pants on our way to a tennis club barbecue.

Jim W
Hollingworth

** In the light of recent tragedies, I'd say your friend's father's caution was well advised. As for whether he eats chicken, he is the only person who can answer that. The fact that his wife was contradicting him makes her sound more like the antagonist. And finally, he may not have liked the colour of your clothes, but at least he had the decency not to raise the subject in public.*



□ The latest 'Eurostar' advert shows a bloke with a broly saying "Admit it. The weather wouldn't bother you if you were in Paris". Maybe not, but the people would. French bastards.

Frank O'Phobic
Sahf East Lahndan

Scotch on the box

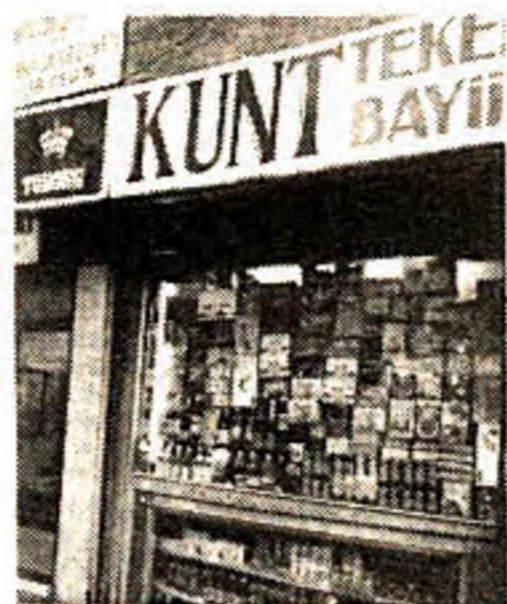
□ How come every time there's a raging alcoholic, drug addict, dysfunctional family or wife beating maniac on ITV's The Bill, they always happen to be Glaswegian?

G. Delaney
Glasgow

** Perhaps if you didn't drink so much and take so many drugs, you'd be able to work that one out for yourself.*

□ Following on from Sean McManus' rude hotel (previous page), how about this for a rude shop? If you don't pay for the picture, I'll send a copy to McDonalds. Perhaps they'll pirate the idea and become McKunt's.

Iain Flynn
Greenwich



□ If its true what they say about global warming, how come all the goldfish in my ornamental pond died of hypothermia?

Sam Torrance's dad
Bracknell

Reservations about the Welsh

□ The American Indians were kicked off their land in the 19th Century. The Welsh were kicked out of England in the 5th Century. The Indians live on shitty reservations that no-one else would piss on. The Welsh live in Wales. The Indians cling to the remnants of their culture, and drink rotgut whisky all day. The Welsh have close harmony singing and Old Headbanger. The Indians wear stone age traditional costumes. The Welsh wear big furry seventies sideburns. So why not call the Welsh "native Britons"? They could sell native British tat to Yank tourists, and Kevin Costner could come over and make a film about them called 'Dances With Sheep' or something... Then the Taffs could spend the money on some decent bloody roads, so that people can get out of the place faster.

Sean Stack
Edinburgh

** If you're Welsh, and would like to say something offensive about the Scotch in reply to Mr Stack, please write to our usual address. Mark your envelope 'Taffy Scotchknocker'.*

□ If G.M. of Kent has shagged all five Spice Girls (Letters, issue 82) then he owes me £500. I'm their pimp, and if he doesn't pay up, I'll send the boys round.

S. Porter
Pimp Spice

In the mood for pulling a train

□ So G.M. has shagged all five Spice Girls. Big deal. In 1978 all 6 Nolan Sisters burst into my bedroom and pulled a train on me. The funny thing was I didn't even fancy them. I fancied Kate Bush at the time.

W. H. Lane
Tottenham

□ In reply to prisoner Hodgkinson in Cardiff (issue 82) who says people should shag women instead of arguing about football. People like me, who drink beer and smoke fags and aren't in prison, shag so many women it becomes tedious after a while. Arguing about football provides a welcome break from the routine.

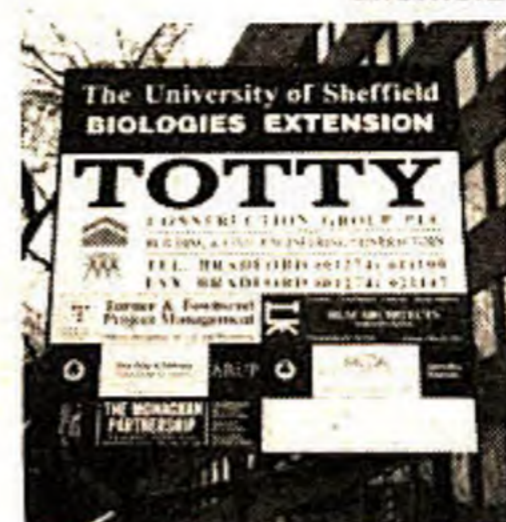
Liam O'Driscoll
Leicester

□ If any birds are thinking of throwing away old knickers, don't. I'll have them.

Ste Drake
Bramhall

□ Since arriving at Sheffield University I've been amazed by the amount of totty on campus. Unfortunately its the Bradford based civil engineering contractor variety, as opposed to the sexually attractive female type.

Steve Montego
Fulwood
Sheffield



Monkey nut (and raisins)

□ I am very interested in the ratio of nuts to raisins consumed by chimpanzees and orangutans in captivity. The most recent figures published by zoos is 17 nuts to 1 raisin in the case of chimpanzees, and 34 to 1 in the case of orangutans. Rather than supposing that chimps are naturally more 'raisin-hungry', my theory is that orangutans, in their natural environment, live in a more 'fruity' area than chimps. Hence, they become tired of eating fruit, and in captivity the 'want-nut' factor increases.

P. Davies
Newcastle

Blessed relief

□ Describing Brian Blessed as a "multi-Everest-climb-failure" (Nobby's Piles issue 82) was a cheap shot. For a late middle aged man without much climbing experience he showed a lot of courage. I wonder how many fat arsed, fifth rate cartoonists would have had a go. Mmmm?

Julie Rolfe
Sutton Coldfield

** We didn't draw that cartoon, Julie. It was sent in by Chris Bonnington.*

□ Nick Ross ought to put his reassuring message for old folks at the beginning of Crimewatch, not at the end. I missed the end of the programme last night, and consequently had nightmares.

Mrs A. Brady
Minthubug

Say it with foreskins

□ By pulling my foreskin away slightly and upwards from my penis, I can create a "willy tulip". Can any other readers transform their little generals into dutch flowers?

P. D.
Newcastle

Who's that CUNT in the PUNT?

This week our gondola guest is heading away from Shaw near St Marks in Venice. Perhaps it should have been St Martin's. He was half of a professional TV duo. And he's not Lewis Collins. If you think you recognise him, pop his name on a postcard and send it to yourself. Then check the answer below. If you were right, congratulations. Give yourself a tenner. If you were wrong, better luck next week.



Did you recognise the cunt in the punt? The answer was Martin Shaw

☐ A plumber who did some work at my house grew up in the same Belfast street as chubby-cheeked, slap-headed, misery-faced Irish pop legend Van Morrison. And according to my plumber, when Van the Man was 14 his mother still held his hand when they went to the shops.

D.S.
Newcastle

** Do you have any stories about Van Morrison? Perhaps your father, a wealthy shipping magnate, bought a house in London from him and you found something unusual behind the bed. Write and tell us at our usual address.*

☐ Could any Man. United fans explain why Peter Schmeichel has pink triangles on his jersey?

I. W.
London

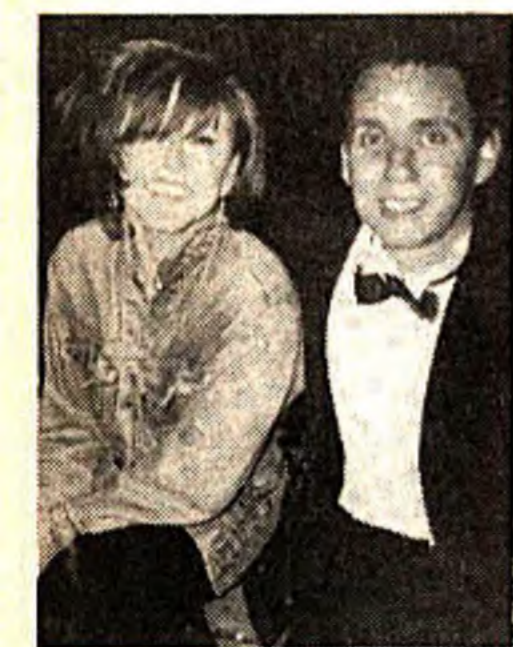
Decker card

☐ In defence of Carol Decker (issue 81, 82) I have worked with her for over 12 years, as the Lighting Co-ordinator for T'Pau, and more recently as an arse farmer on her estate. I can confirm she is still gorgeous.

Jermaine Stewart
Frinton-on-sea

☐ Carol Decker was still alive, singing and gorgeous when I took this picture of her next to me at a charity bash in Clevedon last summer.

Nick Ball
Clevedon
North Somerset



☐ Whilst I object most strongly to the sexist nature of your debate on Carol Decker, she's one 'Single Decker' I wouldn't mind riding on all day. Fnaar! Fnaar!

Paul Nixon
Stakeford
Northumberland

☐ Of course it was me who faxed you. And to prove just how saucy I am, here's a picture of me showing a bit of bra strap. Got to go. I feel a song coming on.

Love,
Carol Decker



** Very nice Carol, if not a little vulgar. But at the end of the day, it was left to our readers to decide whether you're an old boot or a glass slipper. We asked them to 'woof' or 'whistle' by post, fax or E mail. And the final result was: Woofs - 27, Whistles - 31. So Carol Decker is officially still gorgeous.*

Poop Decker

☐ Bollocks. If they made a new series of 'Prisoner Cell Block H' she wouldn't get a part. She's too ugly.

Snowy
Bolton

** Sorry. Voting has closed.*

☐ Bill of Wiltshire is mistaken in his belief that sea creatures have evolved into aircraft designers due to an infinitely capable 'force' (issue 82). According to Wittgenstein's 'Tractatus-Logico-Philosophicus', if there is a logical super force arranging everything, then it is an *a priori* law of nature. No amount of factual claims can prove this logically necessary law, for as Ludwig himself said "The facts all contribute only to setting the problem, not to its solution". Besides, if there is something organising the progress of life on earth, how come it lets a wanker like Chris Evans earn millions of pounds for acting like a dickhead?

Steve
Huddersfield

McTell it like it is

☐ I wish the singer/songwriters of the seventies would get their facts right. In his sentimental ballad 'Streets of London' Ralph McTell sings "In his eyes you see no pride, and held loosely by his side, yesterday's paper, telling yesterday's news".

Surely if they were yesterday's papers, they would be telling news from the day before yesterday.

Andrew Coughlin
Balham

** To be fair to Mr McTell, news events which occurred the day prior to publication of a newspaper could be, by definition, the following day's 'news' by virtue of having been published and sold on that following day. Perhaps, with the benefit of hindsight, Mr McTell would care to give us his contemporary views on the issue by writing to us at the usual address. Please mark your envelope 'I was a four-eyed beardy folk wanker'.*

☐ I waited twenty minutes to use a toilet on a train from Minneapolis to Seattle last Christmas. When the occupant finally emerged I was surprised to see it was none other than publicity seeking entrepreneur Richard Branson. He didn't apologise for taking so long, and left the cubicle stinking of million-aire shit.

A Coventry City fan
Minnesota



☐ When my missus is tugging me off, does she become the wanker and I the wankee? Or do I retain the courtesy title of wanker by virtue of ownership of the cock being wanked? It may seem like a small point, but I'd like to know where I stand.

Aidan Musty
Wells Cathedral

"Magic bumhole, please be telling

Which back issues are we selling?



"Lady look beneath your chair, and you will see the numbers there"

Cor! What a fan-tastic bott, our new Back Issue girl has got! A quite majestic rear view, and her bum-hole's magic too!

The lady with a magic arse and her foot on a chair will be delighted to send you any of the above back issues of Viz. Both her and her bum will be chuffed to hear from you. Simply circle the issue numbers which you require (beneath the chair), then fill in the form below and send it off, together with your money. Back issues cost £1.50 each plus postage. (Add 50p postage for 1 back issue, £1 for 5 or less, and £1.50 for 6 or more.) Overseas customers then add 10% of the total you've arrived at so far, and pay in sterling with a cheque drawn on a UK bank. (We regret the lady with a magic arse and her foot on a chair cannot accept gratuities.)

Send the completed form to: Viz Orders, Customer Interface, Bradley Pavillions, Bradley Stoke North, Bristol BS12 0BQ. Telephone credit orders and enquiries call (01454) 202515. Keep a note of this address/phone number before you send the form off. Despite her arse being magic, the lady with her foot on a chair may take up to 28 days to send your comics.

Allow yourself at least 15 minutes to complete this order form. Do not hurry your answers. Plan them carefully before you attempt to tick any boxes. Use block capitals and keep the form as tidy as possible. A messy order form reflects badly on the mail order customer.

☐ I enclose a cheque/postal order payable to John Brown Publishing Limited.

☐ I have an agreement with a credit company whereby they pay for everything I buy. Here's my card number:

--	--	--	--

Expiry date _____ Card Type _____

Your name and address _____

--	--	--	--

--	--	--	--

Post Code

I was impressed by Iain Flynn's rude shop (this issue), but you cannae whack us Scotch for rudeness. How about this shop front, from Glasgow's Barras Market.

Douglas Corrance
Edinburgh

I discovered a copy of your publication while searching for jazz mags beneath my son's mattress. Neil Candicott's letter (issue 82) about Christ and electric chairs reminded me of a story that Lenny Bruce (a comedian of the seventies) used to tell expounding the very same theory. Could it be that your correspondent Mr Candicott is the second coming of Lenny Bruce? Or is he just some thieving, witless tosser who was hoping no Lenny Bruce fans read Viz?

By the way, I was dissatisfied to find no jazz literature at all beneath my son's bed.

J. J. Evans
Airdrie

If Giles Brandreth were to have a sex change (which, as he is a Tory MP, is not entirely out of the question) and the late Roy Castle were to rise from the grave and have unprotected sex with him, then I believe the resulting child would look a lot like the seventies American singer Ray Stevens. What do other readers think?

P. Sausages
Richmond



** You may have a point there, Mr Sausages. Would any other readers care to speculate on the appearance of children born as a result of bizarre and improbable - not to say entirely impossible - celebrity sexual encounters? Write to our usual address. There's a piece of cheese - just slightly over 8 ounces, is that okay? - for every letter we print.*

Nothing on telly, have a wank. It works for me.

Richard Merrifield
Bournemouth



Star Watch

I was a despatch rider in 1994 and I collected a package from Leo Sayer at a house in Newbury and delivered it to Jools Holland in Greenwich.

James McCreery
Hammersmith

When I worked on the electrical counter at Macro, Fareham, Hants, I sold Leo Sayer two lady-shaves.

Mark
London

My brother reckons Leo Sayer is moving to Amersham in Buckinghamshire.

Guy Unger
London

I spotted Leo Sayer working on a sheep farm in Wexford, Ireland.

Kevin
E mail

Two years ago I was in Vietnam and Leo Sayer had just finished touring there. Apparently he was very popular.

Richard Bentley
E Mail

I saw Leo Sayer in Reading Station many years ago.

Mat Jarvis
Beech Hill, Berks.

I saw Leo Sayer in a pub in Amersham in late 1996. He was with a group of people half his age.

G.J.
Watford

I borrowed a TV from Leo Sayer at his own recording studio in Kensal Road, west London, in about 1989.

P. Morrow
London

Leo Sayer often parks his BMW on the High Street in Newbury. A friend spotted him in W.H. Smith leafing through the CDs.

K.W.
London E1

I saw Leo Sayer being picked up by an elephant. And here's the proof.

Sheila Wheeler
Egghampstead



Leo Sayer regularly helps out at the Skegness CB Users 'Mass Eyeball' charity event in October of each year.

Red Sky Roy
Skegness

** Thanks to all you Sayer See-ers for reporting Leo's locations. Mr Sayer has certainly been very active in the Newbury/Berkshire area, but it will be interesting to monitor the possible Amersham move situation.*

Keep those reports coming in. Here's a few of the other star sightings we've received.

I spotted Rory McGrath travelling south on the Victoria Line, last Thursday.

R. Revell
Saffron Walden, Essex

** This appears to correspond with recent sightings of McGrath in Cambridge. He may well have boarded the tube at Kings Cross, having arrived from Cambridge on a train via Stevenage.*

I served Vic Reeves in the Ashford branch of Superdrug. He asked for tomatoes in a silly voice. We didn't have any.

Mick Studd
Ashford

I spotted Vinnie Jones in the bar at Paddington Station. He ordered a pint of Guinness, but couldn't drink it all.

Billy Milano
Wilts.

Barry McGuigan's dogs once shat on my lawn. I also live near Beverly Craven's bass player. He's not famous, but at least his dogs don't crap on my lawn.

Jill
Dargate

** Keep those celebrity sightings coming. Together we can keep an eye on the stars. Write to our usual address and mark your envelope 'Star Watch', or E mail us at web@johnbrown.co.uk*



SHORT SIGHTINGS

* Our Celebrity Titch Hunt is well underway with a selection of stumpy stars already caught short by our eagle eyed readers. If you spot a celebrity shorty, write and let us know.



☐ Jasper Carrot's mate off that programme The Detectives is a short arse. I saw him waddling along Oxford Street like Tom fucking Thumb.

A. Curran
Seghill, Tyne & Wear



☐ David Jason is a short-arsed phoney. He blusters and struts about on the telly as Chief Inspector Jack Frost when in fact he's not even tall enough to join the police force. What a bloody cheat.

Allan S. Chambers
Westwood, Notts



☐ I saw George Michael at the opening of his flat nosed, shit driving Wham! chum's wine bar in Rickmansworth. I'm only 5'9", but when I went up to him to ask him for an autograph, he barely came up to my nose level. His minder - who was a lot taller than George - told me he wasn't signing autographs, because he was "out to enjoy himself".

Scott Sabadudu
Bushey, Herts.

☐ Smug, self-satisfied TV presenter Nick Hancock is a titch. He could work as a lift boy in a dumb waiter. His height is definitely disproportional to his massive ego. And his football team - Stoke City - are crap.

T.T.T. Engine
Leeds

☐ David Sullivan, publisher of the Sunday Sport, should rename his porno rag the Sunday Short (arse). He's about 3 feet tall, despite high heels and a strange snail shell type hair style designed to add a few extra inches to his stature.

J. W.
West Yorkshire

* Sorry. Mr Sullivan does not qualify as a Celebrity Shortarse. As a highly respected publisher of badly printed pornography, he makes no secret of his slightly comical lack of height. It is conning, dishonest TV celebrities who pretend to be normal, but who are in fact short, that we are after.

☐ I saw big mouthed football agent Eric Hall outside Wembley Stadium, but the only thing big about him was the cigar hanging out of the dwarf's motor mouth. No wonder he's mates with Dennis Wise. He's about the only bloke Eric can see eye-to-eye with.

David "Cilla" Pearce
London W14

☐ I recently stood next to all five Spice Girls and managed to tower over them, despite being a mere 5'9". But that's okay. They're 'petite', and therefore entitled to be short. But not long afterwards I saw Noel Edmonds interviewing them on TV, and the beardy one was struggling to look them in the eye, despite wearing high heeled shoes. Did my eyes fool me, or is your champion Celebrity Cunt also a front running short arse?

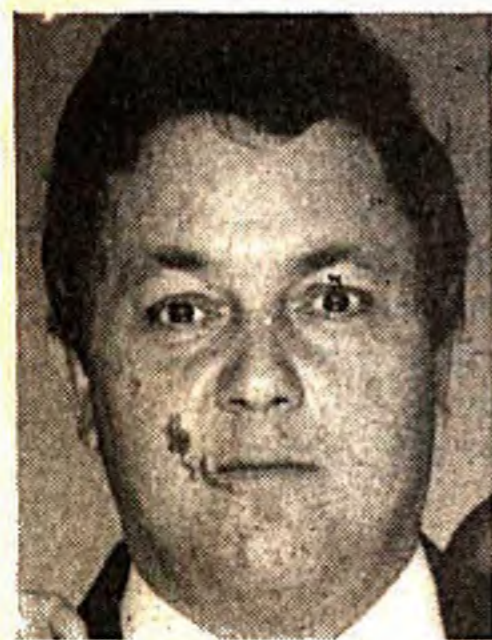
Tom Cousins
Solihull

☐ Steve Ryder is the only BBC sports commentator who has to look up to interview Frankie Dettori. Don't be fooled by the clever camera angles. He's a midget.

J. Clayton
E mail

☐ Despite wearing a smart suit and sunglasses, Noel Edmonds failed to disguise himself in the bar of the Halcyon Hotel, Holland Park recently. He also failed to disguise his lack of inches. I thought he was already sitting down - until he walked over to the bar and shouted up to the barman for a drink. I'd say he's 4'6". Even less without the stack heeled shoes.

D. C.
Notting Hill



Viz Subscriptions

I'm Sally's big sister, I'm dirty, and I've been with sailors. I've locked Sally in her bedroom so I can do the subscriptions. Mmmmm! As you can see, I've already got my hands full, so could you lend a hand by licking my flaps, until they're all shiny and wet? Envelope flaps that is. Then I'll take your organ firmly in my hand, and slide it slowly into my box. Post box that is. Six issues (a year's supply) costs £9.00 (or £12.50 overseas). 2 years (12 issues) costs £18.00 (or £24.80 overseas). Order a subscription using the form below. Hurry, and you'll get a FREE Viz T shirt - size large - just like my tits.



Love and kisses
Sally's Big Siss
xxx

FREE T shirt

We're giving away a FREE VIZ T SHIRT to every new subscriber. Sizes L or XL and chosen at random from our warehouse. To get your free T shirt just order a subscription using the form below. You can use this form to order a subscription as a gift for someone else by using both sections. And if you'd like to receive more than one copy of each issue (at the same address) each extra copy costs £6.00 per year (or £7.00 overseas).

Dear Sally's big sister, who is dirty,
Please send me a subscription starting issue to be sent to:

Name.....

Address.....

Post Code

If you are ordering a subscription for someone else fill in their name and address above, and your own details below. If its just for you, fill in the bit above, then skip the next bit and go straight on to the bit about money.

My name

Address.....

Post Code

The bit about money. Tick one box only:

☐ I enclose a cheque/PO for £..... crossed and made payable to John Brown Publishing Limited.

☐ Please debit my Access/Visa/Mastercard/Eurocard American Express/Diners Club/Connect card

Card No.....

Expiry date / /

Send this form together with any cheque or postal order to:
Sally's Big Sister, Viz Subs,
FREEPOST (SW6096),
Bristol, BS12 0BR.

No stamp required if posted in the UK.

You can ring our subs hotline - and boy, do we mean hot - on (01454) 202515.

(We regret that the girl in the picture will not be available to take your calls and the only subject which can be discussed is telephone credit card or postal subscriptions to Viz.)

☐ Tick here if you'd like us to hawk your name and address around various dodgy mail order companies so that they can bombard you with shit, and we get 50p for every million names we give them.

☐ Tick here if you want Sally's sister to rub your comics on her tits.

Australians who can read can order Viz from the following address. There's a FREE BACK ISSUE if you subscribe for 1 year, or 2 free back issues if you subscribe for 2 years, mate. Six issues cost \$27 (or 12 for \$54). Write to Viz, 9 Palm Avenue, Bribie Island, QLD 4507, Australia. Remember to mark your envelopes "We can't take our beer and we love the Queen".



I'm HOT for your credit card number

AUSTRALIAN SUBSCRIPTIONS

NEXT time you clean your teeth, give your arms a rest. Shove the handle of your toothbrush into a bathroom shaving socket so that it projects outwards from the wall, then let your head do the work by moving it from side to side.

Yvonne
Address withheld



WATER makes ideal 'alcohol free vodka' for any drivers attending your party.

Mr T. Deck
Limeadeandlager

HOLIDAY MAKERS. Civil aviation disasters aren't nearly as common as you might imagine. The few that do occur simply attract disproportionate media attention due to the high number of casualties involved. My advice is to just sit back and enjoy yourself.

Paul Khan
Glasgow

EXPERIENCE the thrills of motorcycling in summer by sitting in front of a hair dryer and getting a friend to fire bees into your face with a spud gun.

Luke O'Zade
Hiengerydrink

MAKE your own curry flavour Pot Noodles by snipping little bits of string and elastic band into a plant pot full of diarrhoea.

R. White
Tslemonade

CAT Stevens. Stop pretending to be an Arab and come back and make some more nice songs.

Ollie McCarthy
Caerphilly

DRIVERS. Extend the life of your tyres by putting segs in them. What's more, your car can make 'hard' scraping noises to intimidate other cars when starting at traffic lights.

Mr Tinof
Bass Shandy

SLIMMERS. Make your own 'diet soup' by pouring away half a tin of ordinary soup, and replacing it with water.

Martin Bradley
Hampton, Middlesex

HALF a dozen crinkle cut crisps glued together make a handy saw for use in emergencies. (Wives and girlfriends of prisoners please note - they are much easier to conceal in a cake than a file, and about as much use when it comes to escaping).

J. Tait
Morpeth

THE two halves of a 'monkey nut' shell, carefully removed, make perfect 'cricket pads' for pigeons.

John Tait
Thropton



TOP TIPS

There's a Top Tips pen, a Milky Way, pair of socks plus a year's subscription to Viz for every tip we print. Write to Top Tips, Viz, P.O. Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT. Or E mail to: web@johnbrown.co.uk

WON the lottery? Don't rush out and buy an expensive yacht. Just stand in a cold shower fully clothed and wearing roller skates, and try to un-thread and then re-thread the shower curtain while your wife flushes £50 notes down the lavatory as fast as she can.

Major C. Aspain
Majorca, Spain

THICK people. Remember to peep your horn at least two or three times when leaving a friend's house late at night, before driving off down the road. Just to let concerned neighbours know that you are safely on your way.

Penny Chew
Staffordshire

ALEX Finer of John Brown Publishing Limited. Why not book an experienced sub-editor for a week of work, sit her in an office full of snooty wankers, give her nowt to do except junior clerical work, wonder why she leaves after one day, and then refuse to pay her for the day she did?

An experienced and professional sub-editor
Kingston, Surrey

SNACK manufacturers. Save money on expensive product recalls and costly law suits by inventing a competition that gives winners a tenner if they find glass, dead insects or parts of farm machinery in their crisps.

Matt Brunton
Swindon

EMBALMERS. Check your clients are dead before starting work. The state of the Health Service nowadays, there's no telling what you may have been sent.

P. D.
Hampshire

BUSY executives. A parrot makes a useful alternative to a Dictaphone and does not require batteries. Letters should, however, be kept brief.

Steven Wood
Nottingham



DICTAPHONE lawyers. We know. 'Dictaphone' is a registered trade mark, and not a general noun to describe a type of office tape recorder. You mentioned it last time.

The Editor

WHY not break the world land speed record by landing Concord at full speed. Then the record can be shared among all 112 passengers and crew, instead of giving it to one selfish, toffee-nosed prat with more money than sense.

Urinal Dockrat
Marsworth, Bucks.

SAVE money on expensive adult comics by reading the Yellow Pages instead. It's free, and there's less adverts. Oh yeah, and the cover doesn't fall off.

Geordie Andy
Abingdon

BUTTERFLIES in the stomach? A small measure of paraquat in your bedtime drink should solve the problem.

W. H.
Bramcote

BLONDES. Have less fun by dying your hair black, or ginger.

Steven Davenport
Heriot-watt University

BUILDERS. This spring why not sprinkle flower seeds down the back of your trolleys. Come summer your blooming bumcrack will be a much more pleasant sight for passers by.

N. Jobbins
Worcestershire Source

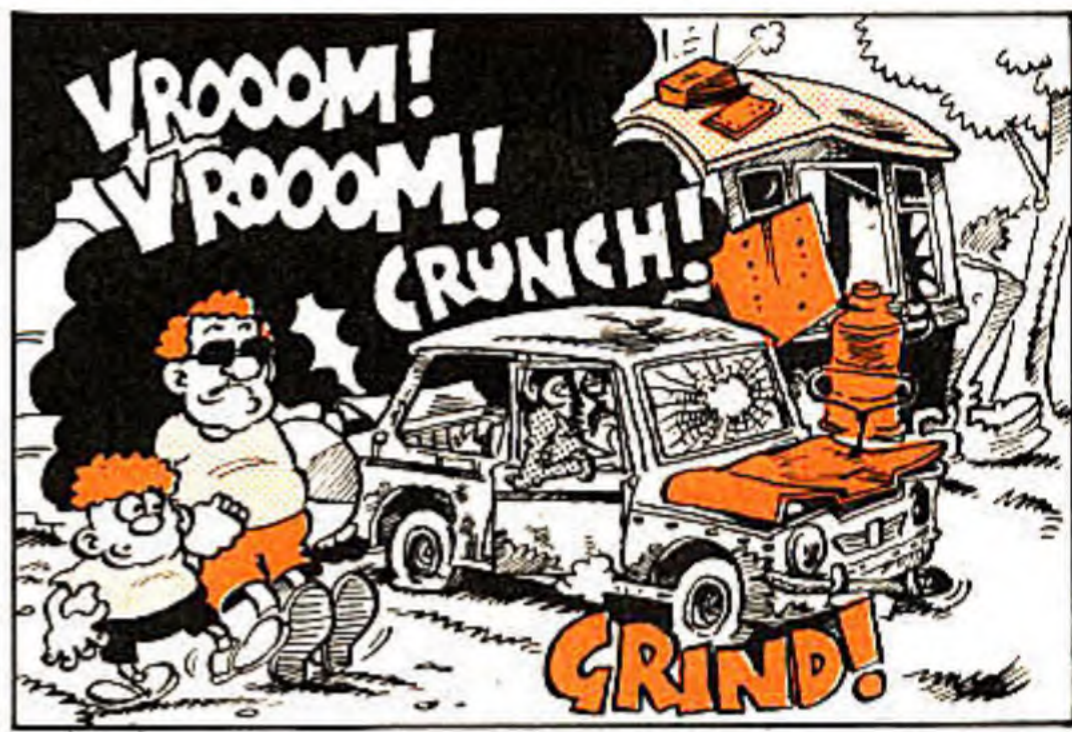
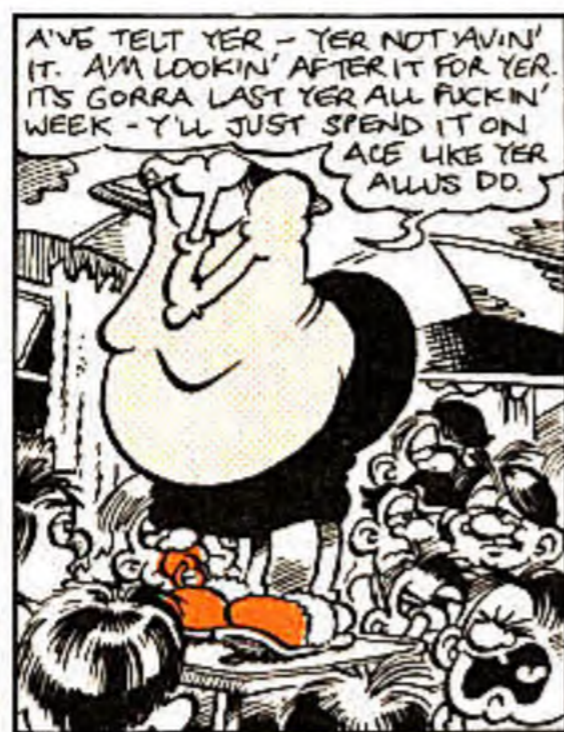
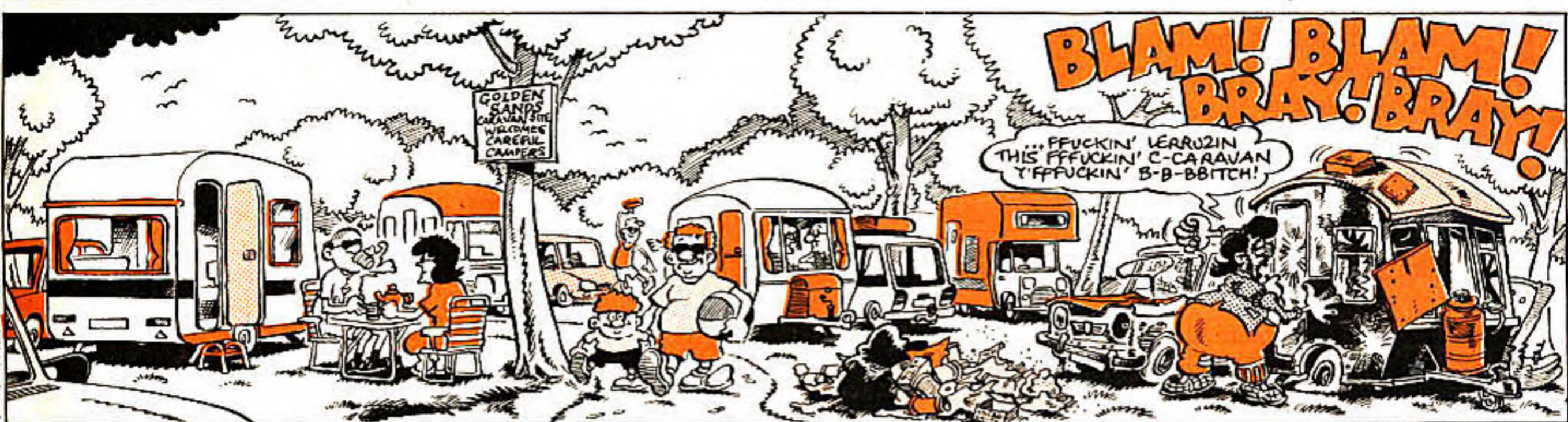
AVOID burnt toast by sprinkling your bread with a handful of asbestos powder - available from sixties hardware shops - before you pop it in the toaster. Perfect, golden brown toast, no matter how long you leave it.

R. Case
Rickmansworth

SUCK the pips out of strawberry jam and keep them in an old coffee jar. When you've collected enough they're bound to be useful for something or other. Probably.

BeaverGirl
Ealing

HOLIDAY FUN with the ACES



LUVVIE DARLING

LUVVIE IS "RESTING" BETWEEN JOBS...

...AND SO THERE'S DARLING RALPHIE-POO PUSHING THROUGH THIS THROG, AND I STEPPED OUT IN FRONT OF HIM AND HE'S GOT THAT LOVELY TWINKLE IN HIS EYE, AND HE SAYS TO ME ...HA!... I CAN HEAR IT NOW... HE SAYS TO ME...

SAP!

...GET OUT OF MY WAY, I'M TRYING TO REACH THE DOOR...

HA! HA-HAHA-HAAA! TRYING TO REACH THE DOOR! HA-HA-HA! PRICELESS!

OH DEAR ME! WHAT A SCREAM HE WAS!

YOU KNOW-I'VE GOT A WEALTH OF THESE STORIES, I REALLY OUGHT TO WRITE THEM DOWN. BECAUSE, YOU SEE, THEY DON'T BELONG TO ME, THEY BELONG TO MANKIND. I AM MERELY THEIR GUARDIAN.

TO TAKE THEM TO THE GRAVE WITH ME WOULD BE THE WORST CRIME AGAINST HUMANITY OF WHICH ONE COULD POSSIBLY CONCEIVE...

...OF

THAT'S IT! I SHALL BEQUEATH THEM TO POSTERITY - IN THE FORM OF A VOLUME OF THEATRICAL MEMOIRS! AND WHAT'S MORE, I SHALL COMMENCE THEM FIRST THING TOMORROW!

NEXT MORNING...

HONEST JOE'S
PRAWNBROKER & JUNK SHOP

AH, THE TERROR OF THE BLANK PAGE! AS POLODUS DECRIES IN THE IMMORTAL BARD'S SCOTTISH PLAY, "WORDS, WORDS, WORDS..." BUT THAT BLANK PAGE IS ALSO A CHALLENGE. A PRISTINE VOID INTO WHICH I CAN POUR THE FRUITS OF MY LIFE IN "THEATRE"

SKREEP! SKREEP!

WHAT A RICH CORNUCOPIA I SHALL PRODUCE. THE ENDLESS ANECDOTES I SHALL COMMIT TO PRINT. FROM THE THEATRICAL LANDLADIES TO THE LIVES OF THE GREATS I HAVE ALL TOO BRIEFLY KNOWN... BARRYMORE, GIELGUD, OLIVIER, GUINNESS...

ERM...

...DON ESTELLE

AHEW!

K-CRACK!

TAP

OH BUGGER!

TAP...TAPPITY...
TAP TAP TAP...

DO NOT DISTURB

TAPPITY TAP TAP...

TAPPITY TAP TAP TAPPY

3222TAP!

TAP TAP TAP

SEVERAL MONTHS LATER...

TAP...TAP...
TAP!

THERE!

IT'S FINISHED!

MY MAGNUM OPUS IS COMPLETED MY DEAR! AND THANK THE GODS FOR I HAVE NOTHING ELSE TO GIVE. MY MUSE IS SPENT.

OH, SMASHING. LET'S HAVE A READ.

ERM... IT'S FOUR PAGES LONG.

YES. WELL. I HAD TO PAD IT OUT A BIT. IT'S A COMMON PRACTICE IN THE WORLD OF LITERATURE.

THERE! I'LL LET MY AGENT HANDLE THE FRENZIED PUBLISHERS' ACTION FOR THE WORLDWIDE RIGHTS TO MY MANUSCRIPT.

A WEEK LATER...

DON'T TAKE IT TO HEART, LUVVIE. THESE PEOPLE ARE JUST PHILISTINES

I KNOW. THERE'S A VERY FAMOUS BOOK...ERM... THAT WAS...ERM... REJECTED MANY TIMES...ERM... TO NAME BUT ONE.

REJECTION!

OOH, LUVVIE-LOOK AT THIS.

AUTHORS WANTED
We will publish your manuscript GUARANTEED
Vain Bonehead Press LIMITED.
Pulling Authors' Cocks Since 1945

VAIN BONEHEAD PRESS
5TH FLOOR
LET BOOKS

WELL, MR DRLING-YOU'VE NO IDEA HOW THRILLED I WAS WHEN YOUR MANUSCRIPT LANDED ON MY DESK...

ONE ALWAYS HOPES TO DISCOVER A NEW AUTHOR, BUT THIS... THIS IS JUST BEYOND MY WILDEST DREAMS... IT'S THE BEST BOOK I'VE EVER READ!

... BUT IF I WERE TO PUBLISH THIS IN PAPERBACK, IT WOULD BE AN INSULT! A SLAP IN THE FACE!

EVEN A HARBACK WOULD NOT DO THIS BOOK JUSTICE!

MR DRLING - I WOULD BE PRIVILEGED TO PUBLISH YOUR BOOK IN A FAUX-CAFSKIN TOOLBO, FAUX GOLD BLOCKED BOXED FAUX HERITAGE FOLIO EDITION. IMAGINE YOUR NAME HERE, MR. DRLING. WE'RE LOOKING AT A PULITZER PRIZE.

...AT THE VERY LEAST.

AND OF COURSE THERE WILL BE A TOKEN ADVANCE OF ...ERM... FIFTEEN THOUSAND POUNDS.

WOW!

JUST SIGN HERE, MR DRLING...

... AND IF YOU COULD LET ME HAVE THE MONEY ANY TIME TODAY PLEASE, MR. DRLING. PREFERABLY CASH.

40 YEARS LATER...

I WONDER IF YOU COULD HELP ME. DO YOU HAVE A COPY OF "MY WORLD'S A STAGE" BY L.V. DARLING?

YOU DO? OH, WONDERFUL!

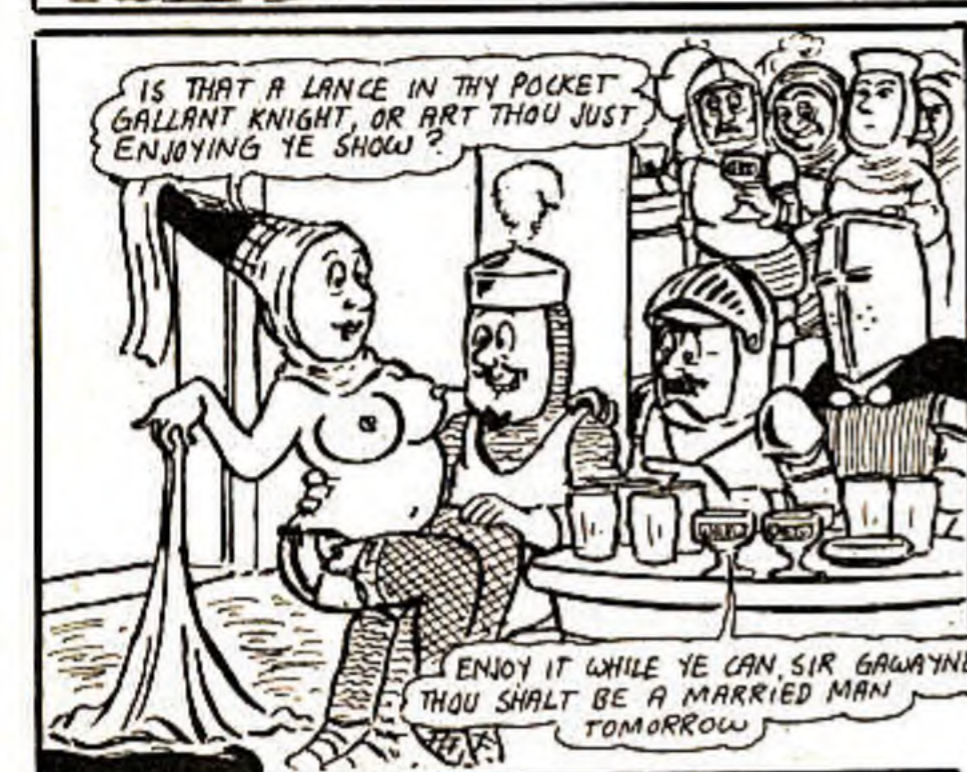
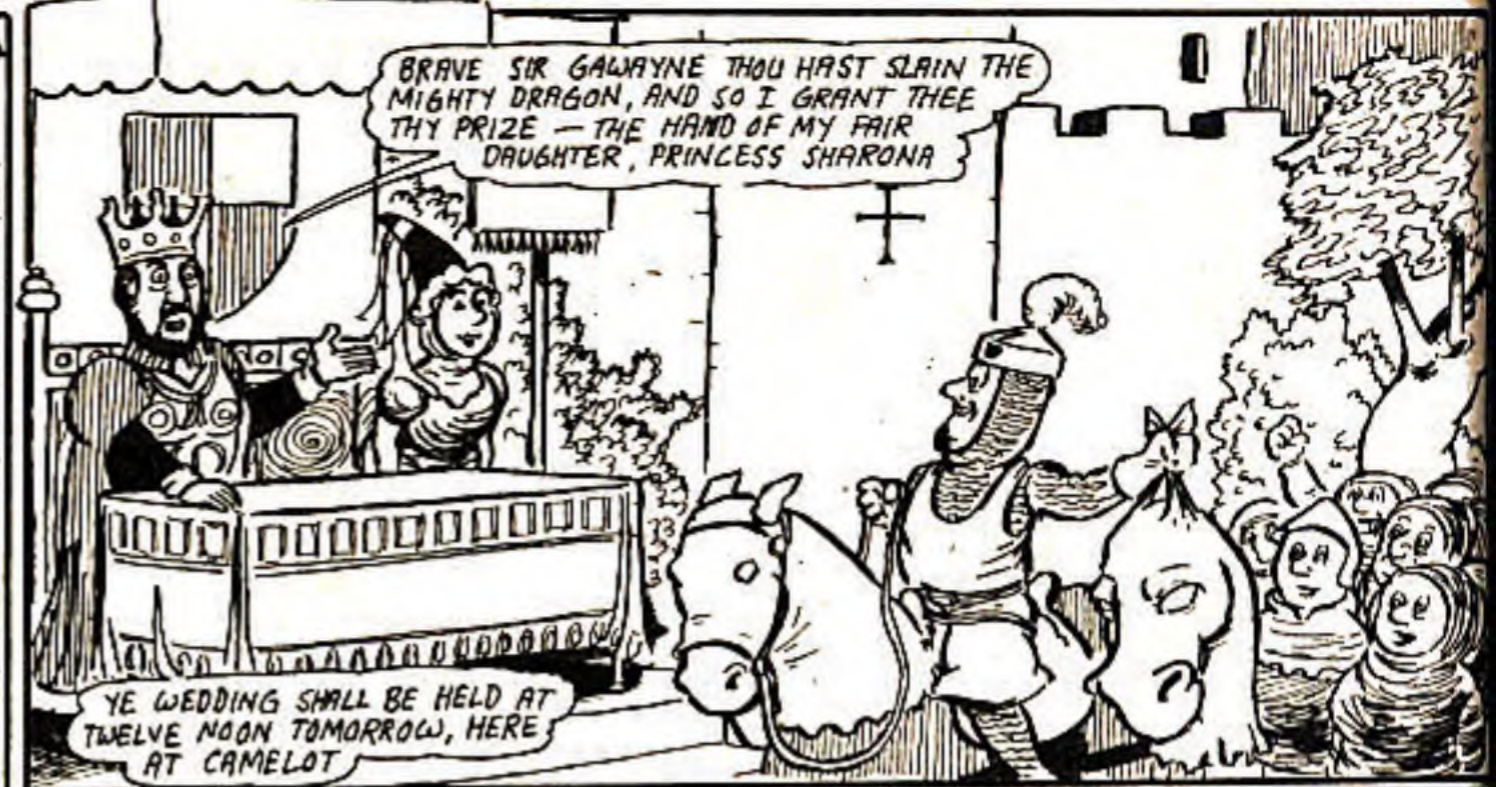
CAN YOU KEEP IT FOR ME?

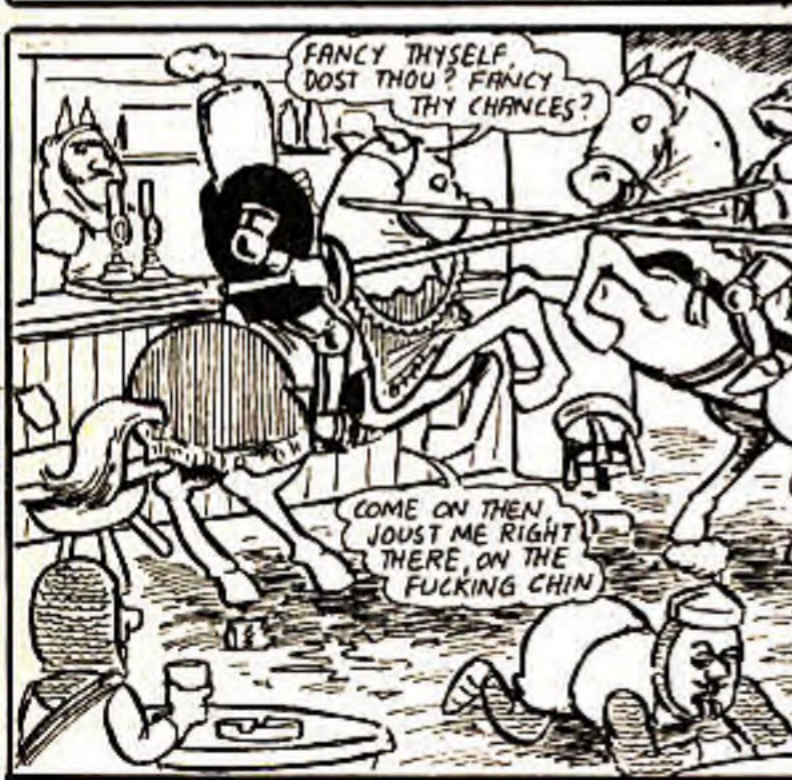
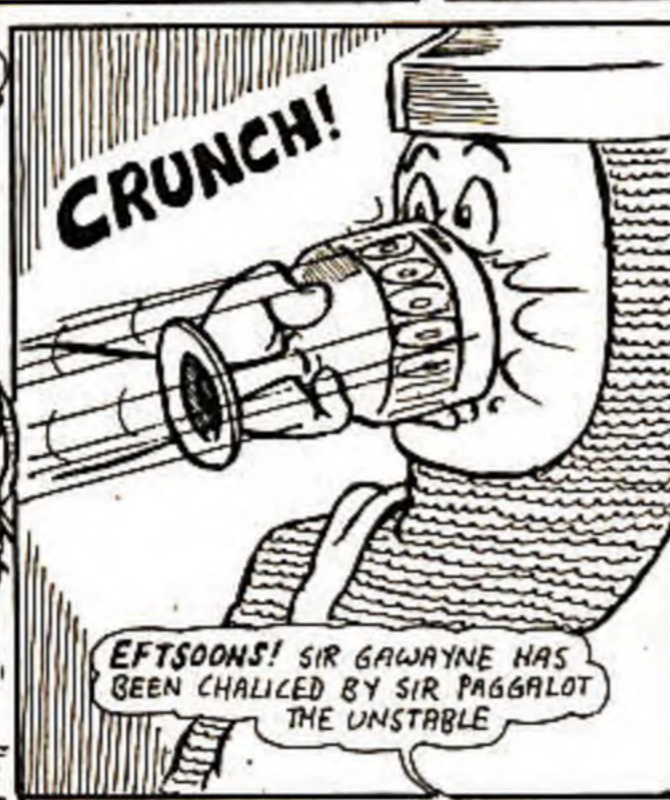
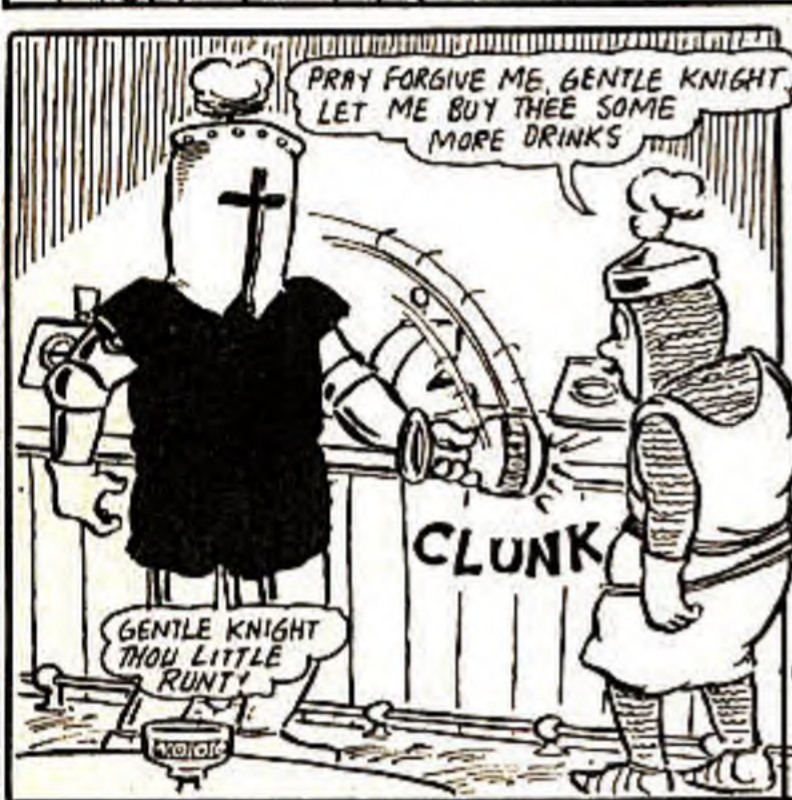
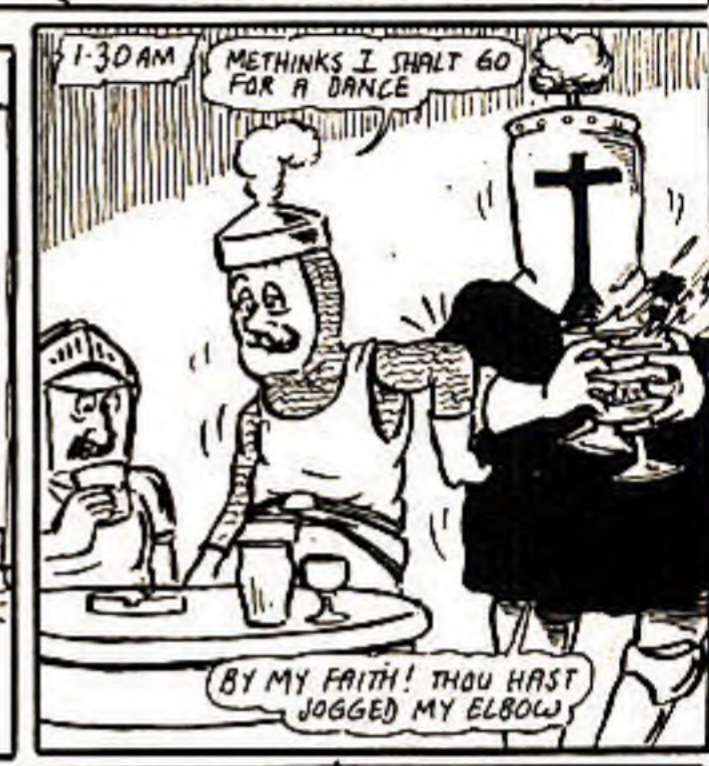
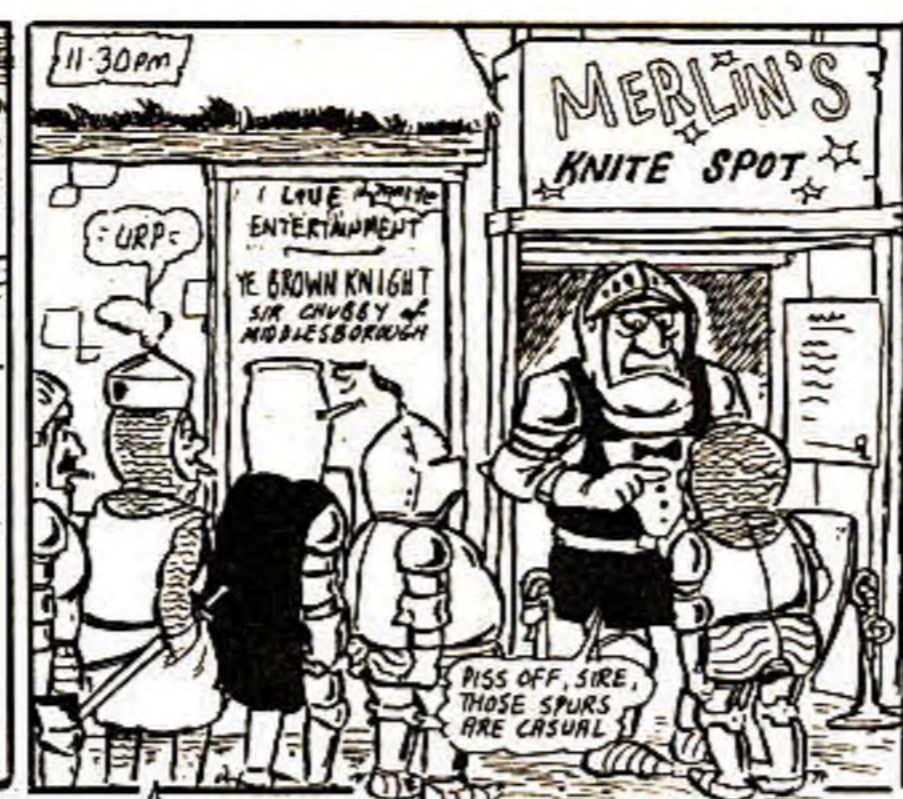
IN THIS BACK LOP MR 5 BOOKS!

MAD EDDIE'S BARGAIN BOOK DUSTBIN

NO NEG, PAL. I'VE GOT A FUCKIN' SKIP-FULL. I'VE NOT SHIFTED A COPY IN FORTY YEARS.

MAD EDDIE'S BARGAIN BOOK DUSTBIN





CRIMINAL!

That's what it is

RIPPER



AT RISK

FOR many year's Britain's serial killers have been the envy of other countries. Jack the Ripper heads the field in the Top 100 Murderers of All Time. And our sex killers are widely acknowledged as among the finest in the world.

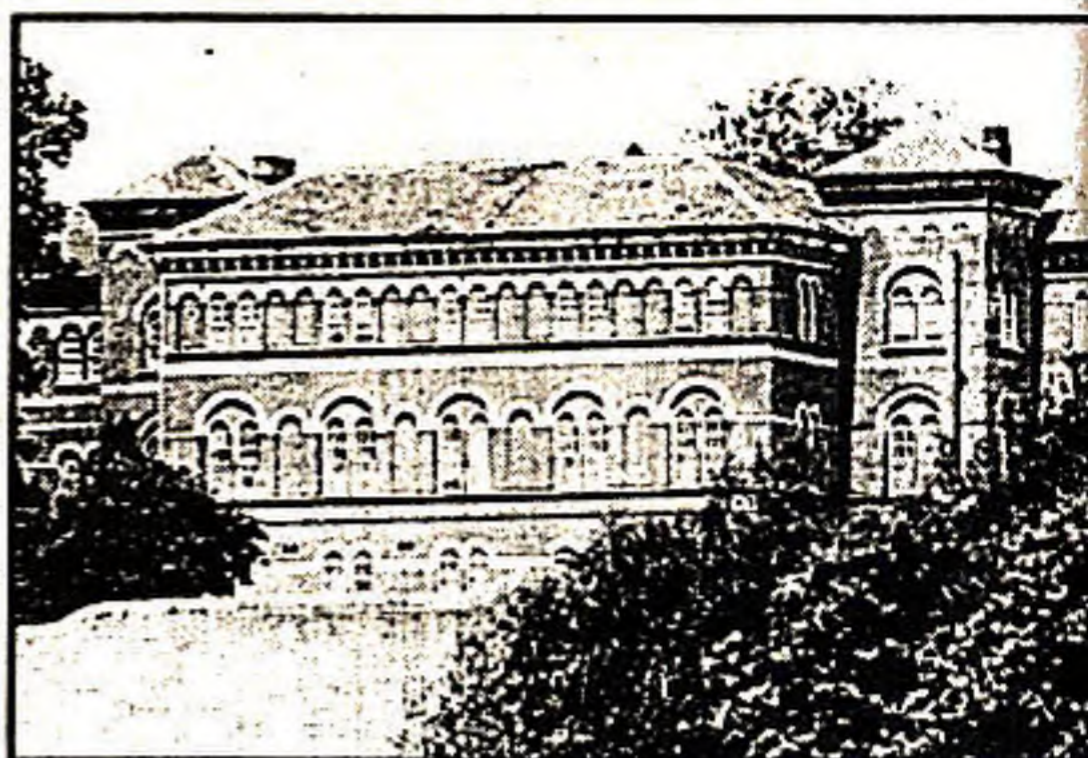
But now the woeful inadequacies of the British prison system are putting our best surviving examples of murderers at risk. Locked away and forgotten in dusty prison corridors, these once infamous men and women are unprotected from com-

mon thugs and criminals eager to make a name for themselves by assaulting their prestigious cell mates.

Killer

The situation came to a head recently when Yorkshire Ripper Peter Sutcliffe - the nation's foremost surviving example of a serial killer - was

attacked and badly damaged inside Broadmoor prison by Woolies Murderer Ian Kay. Despite expert attempts to restore the Ripper's sight, it appears that one eye may have been lost in the attack.



PSYCHO PORRIGE BOWL - Broadmoor hospital yesterday

Incredibly, it was the third time that prison vandals had attacked the Ripper. In January 1983 the Kenco Kid Jimmy Costello attacked the Ripper in Parkhurst prison on the Isle of Wight. The notorious coffee jar killer badly ripped the Ripper in an attack said to have been ordered by Ronnie Kray.

Throttle

Last year our prized Ripper was almost lost to the nation when small-time convict Paul Wilson attempted to throttle him with an electric cable. He was saved only by the quick thinking of Stockwell Strangler Kenneth Erskine, who used his strangling skills to unstrangle the choking Sutcliffe.

Clutch

According to one underworld source these attacks are part of a deadly behind bars game played by convicted killers.

"It's a bit like conkers", our imaginary source revealed. "Killers accumulate higher scores by killing fellow murderers. For example, the Ripper killed 13 women which makes him a *thirteener*. If Sutcliffe had then killed Fred West who scored 22, he'd have got his score and become a *thirty-fiver*. Everyone wants to do Sutcliffe, because he's got the highest score in Broadmoor".

Brake

House of Horrors death builder West hanged himself in a prison cell while awaiting trial for the Cromwell Street killings. As a result the question on the lips of criminologists around the world must surely be, did West double his final score by killing himself?

Scandal of Britain's neglected multiple murderers



HINDLEY - Evil killer



EARP - Wild west gunslinger

"The rules are not clear", imaginary criminologist Dr Madeupname, of Knutsford Services University Department of Murder told us. "It remains the subject of heated debate whether killing a killer entitles you to claim notoriety for their previous killings as well as your own. The rules tend to vary from one exercise yard to another."

Right says Fred...



The historical shed whereabouts game hosted by Sir Frederick of Dinenage

WHERE'S that SHED?

Every week former Magpie host Fred Dinenage travels to an historical location somewhere in Britain dressed in a suit of armour and points his metal cock at a wooden shed. We then ask our readers to spot the shed, and correctly identify the location. Over to Fred for this week's clue.

"Hello readers. Finding this shed was no hassle. It stands adjacent to a castle. The castle overlooks the sea. Houses are not far from me."



Win a knight with Maid Marion

If you know where the shed is, you could win a champagne trip in a time machine back to the middle ages, where you'll be able have sex with Maid Marian out of Robin Hood. Simply take a photograph of yourself standing next to the shed, with your cock pointing at it. (Please note that for legal reasons your cock should be in a cardboard tube or something, or wrapped in tin foil). Then write your name and address on the back of your picture, plus the name of the mystery location, and send it to: Fred's Sheds (issue 83), Viz, P.O. Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT.

The winner will be collected by time machine at some point in the future.



Hurry hurry hurry! Only 1000 robbing days till

CRIME of the CENTURY

By our alcoholic man in the bookies
Reg Soiltrousers

LADBROKES yesterday slashed the odds of the Yorkshire Ripper murders being voted Britain's official Crime of the Century.

The Sutcliffe slayings are now quoted at 10 to 1 for the big prize. Fred West's House of Horrors murders remain an outside bet at 25 to 1.

Popular

"Despite killing more people, West's crime was less popular with the public", bookmaker Frank Carpet explained. "By burying his victims under his house he didn't get the on-going media coverage at the time of his murders, and topping himself in jail meant there was no grisly details revealed at the trial".

Cortina

Now police forces around the UK are bracing themselves for a last minute crime rush as the year 2000 approaches. Criminals have less than three years to commit the 'big one' and get their names in the record books. And so far the men they have to beat are the Great Train Robbers.

For over 20 years after it was carried out their mail train hijack remains the nation's favourite blag. Despite no-one being directly killed in the raid, it is still red hot 2 to 1 favourite to scoop the honours.

Capri

"Kenneth Noye will be kicking himself", bookie Frank told us. "The Brinks Matt Bullion job involved a lot more money, and technically it was a far more successful crime. But the punters simply weren't impressed".



TURPIN - Olde worlde highwayman

Modern day Robin Hood Ronnie Biggs and his gang stole £2.5 million in the daring snatch, and planned to give it to the poor. But they were foiled by winnit sniffing cops when a tagnut dragnet closed around the isolated farmhouse in which they had holed up. Minute dangleberry deposits taken from the toilets were linked to the robber's ringpieces. It was the first time ring-gerprints had been used in a police investigation.

Mustique

If the Great Train Robbery is voted Crime of the Century it will be good news for millionaire musician Phil Collins. Short-arse Phil bought a majority holding in the Great Train Robbery after it went public in 1984, investing a mere £14,000. At current market prices the robbery is today worth a staggering £850 million. Helium balloon rights alone are worth an estimated £180,000.

Simply the breast!

BRITISH birds have defied their knockers, and proved that they're the bust in Europe - for checking their chests!

For many years our birds were *boobing* - and allowing their *assets* to develop killer cancer unawares. But a recent survey shows that nowadays women are more aware of the dangers of breast cancer - and girls are giving their whoppers a once-over on a regular basis!

Claims

The killer disease claims thousands of lives in Britain each year. But cancerous curves can be cured - if caught early enough. As a result jubbies are generally in better health, and that's fabulous news for fellas! For it means oncologists are less likely to get their mits on our mis-sus's mambas!

Premiums

Indeed, whopper does may one day be out of

Phoaar! Britain's assets are boobing!

work. But you won't catch them complaining!

Salesmen

"It's *bra*-vellous news from our point of view", one imaginary specialist told us yesterday. "Women are more 'up front' about what they've got up front. And by checking their charms on a regular basis they can help keep them in *tit*-top condition for years to come", he added.

One tit wonders

Here's a zany Top Ten hits for chemo-therapists!

1. 'Simply The Breast' by Tina Turner
2. 'Can-cera Cera' by Doris Day
3. 'Knocker Three Times' by Dawn
4. 'Mammary Mia' by Abba
5. 'Radio(therapy) Bra Bra' by Queen
6. 'Baby Be-neign Tonight' by The Tubes
7. 'Can The Can-cer' by Suzi Quatro
8. 'I One Tit All' by Queen
9. 'Always On My Tits' by Elvis
10. 'Do They No Tits Christmas' by Band Aid

Toaster virus pops up in UK

Unsuspecting UK householders could soon be having their toast burnt by a worldwide toaster virus.

The techno virus - code name 'Burnt Toast' - was created by American defence boffins who hoped to wreak havoc in Kremlin kitchens. But the micro menace was leaked from a top secret Pentagon lab and has been spreading to toasters throughout the world.

Baffled

Toaster bosses are baffled by the bug, which is thought to have contaminated up to ten million toasters so far. "The virus travels by wire", research engineer Ross McKeown of toaster manufacturer Kenwood told us. "It can remain latent in a toaster for years, but is then triggered when the toaster is set to 'two and a half'. Once the virus is activated the toaster begins to malfunction, and the toast is burnt".



TOASTER - £19.50 from Argos

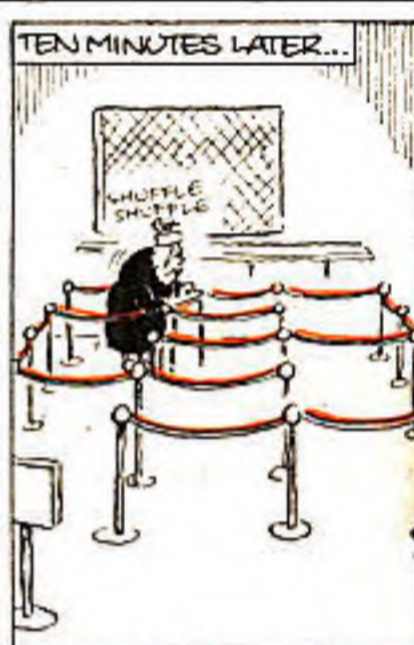
Toast set to go up in smoke

The outbreak is thought to have started when a teenage toaster whiz kid hacked into high security Pentagon kitchen equipment using a brand of toaster widely available at stores throughout the UK.

Our reporters, dressed as ordinary people, were able to purchase the model of toaster from a well known High Street electrical goods retailer.

After buying the toaster we identified ourselves and put it to a member of the sales staff that the machine could, in the wrong hands, be used to penetrate national kitchen security. He looked at us blankly, before trying to sell us a 2 year warranty.

POSTMAN



It's a 'TOSS
'n' BLOW'
miracle!

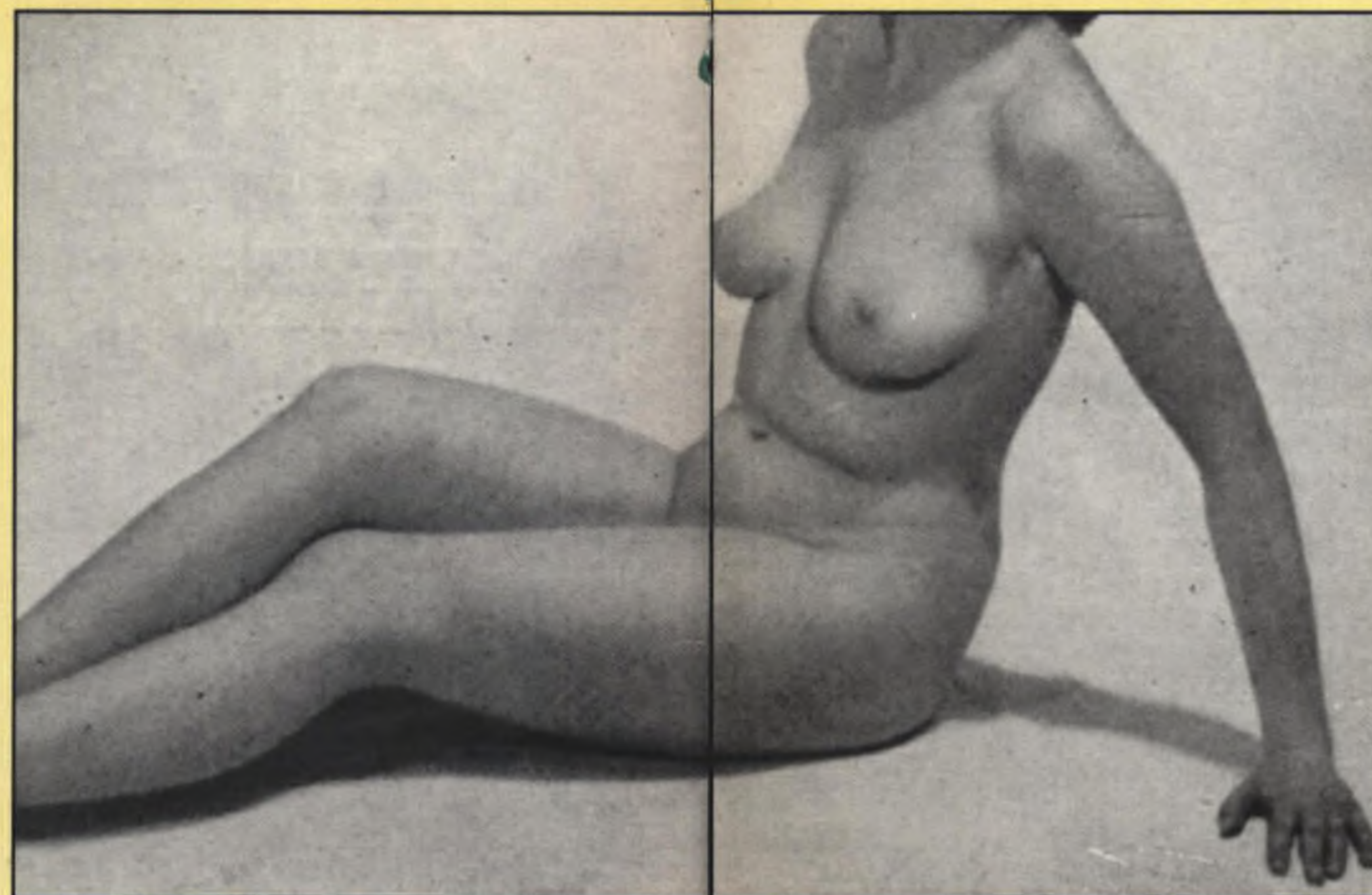
CYBERSPICE REVOLVING SPICE GIRLS WANK HAT

An ORAL
powered
self-sex
ORGY

We'll tell you what you want, what you really really want. (Yo! Tell me what I want, what I really, really want, etc. etc. etc.) You wannabe having sex with all five Spice Girls at once! Well, hold tight and blow, because now's your chance!

Just say you'll be there, and all five Spice Girls will strip off and join you for your very own virtual reality sex orgy, thanks to the ultimate tool of sexual pleasure - the orally operated 'blow and tug' revolving CyberSpice Masturbation Helmet. Wear it, and your wildest sex fantasy comes true right before your very eyes.

Never before have Britain's hottest all-girl pop combo been sexually available to readers of a magazine at the merest blow of a straw! But now you can realise your ultimate sex/pop fantasy by simply putting your lips together and blowing! Suddenly a maelstrom of erotic, naked Spicy visions will flash before your eyes, whisking you away to a new, previously undiscovered sexual dimension, whilst leaving your hands totally free to masturbate furiously.



It's so simple to use. Simply cut out and assemble the revolving Spice Vision Visor and Cranial Struts as per figure 1. Then assemble the cut-out Propeller and Prop Shaft mechanism using a splayed paper straw (figure 2), and fix it to the Cranial Strut Hub as per figure 3.

Using a Remington Fuzzaway shave a small patch the size of a 50p piece on the top of your head. Then lick the base of a marshmallow, and stick it to your scalp. Insert a cocktail stick upright into the marshmallow to form the Central Pivot (figure 4).

Mount the Visor section by locating the Prop Shaft onto the Central Pivot.

Next, affix a bendy straw to the rear of the Porno Image Screen (left). Place the long section of the straw in your mouth so that the Porno Image Screen faces your eyes and the short length of the straw points up towards the propeller (figure 5). Align the heads on Spice Vision Visor with the naked body on the Porno Screen. Then blow. As you blow the propeller will spin and the entire Visor assembly will rotate above the Porno Screen generating limitless images of naked Spice Girls, and leaving your hands completely free to abuse your genitals.

To add to the excitement you may wish to play a Spice Girls record during masturbation. Always lock your bedroom door when wanking.

Fig 1.

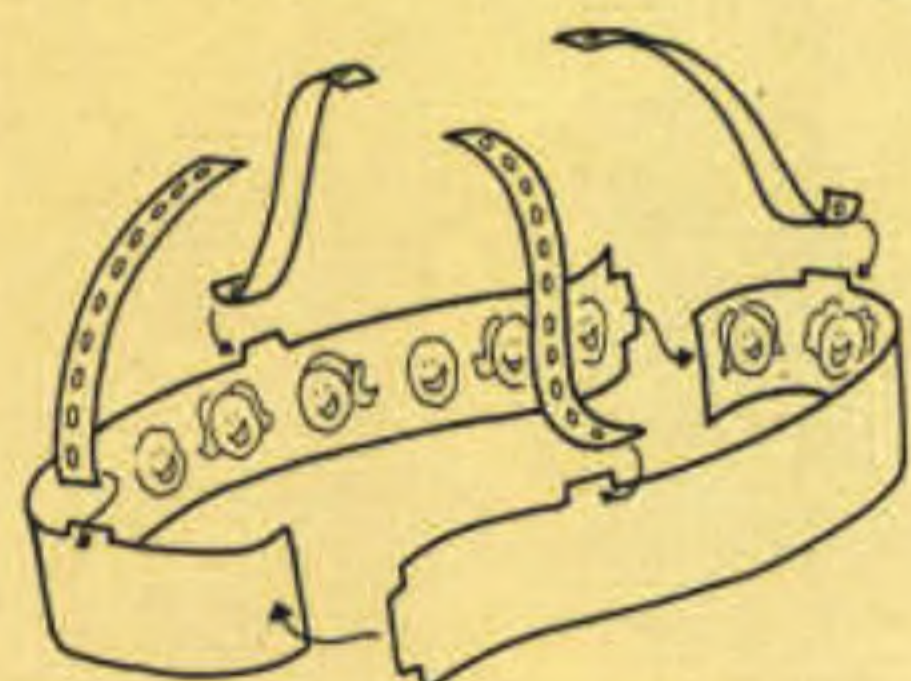


Fig 2.



Fig 3.

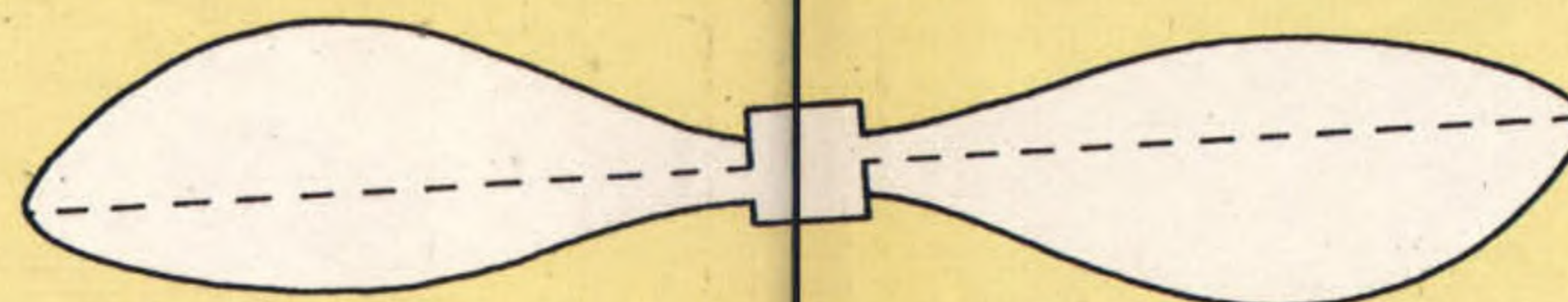


Fig 5.

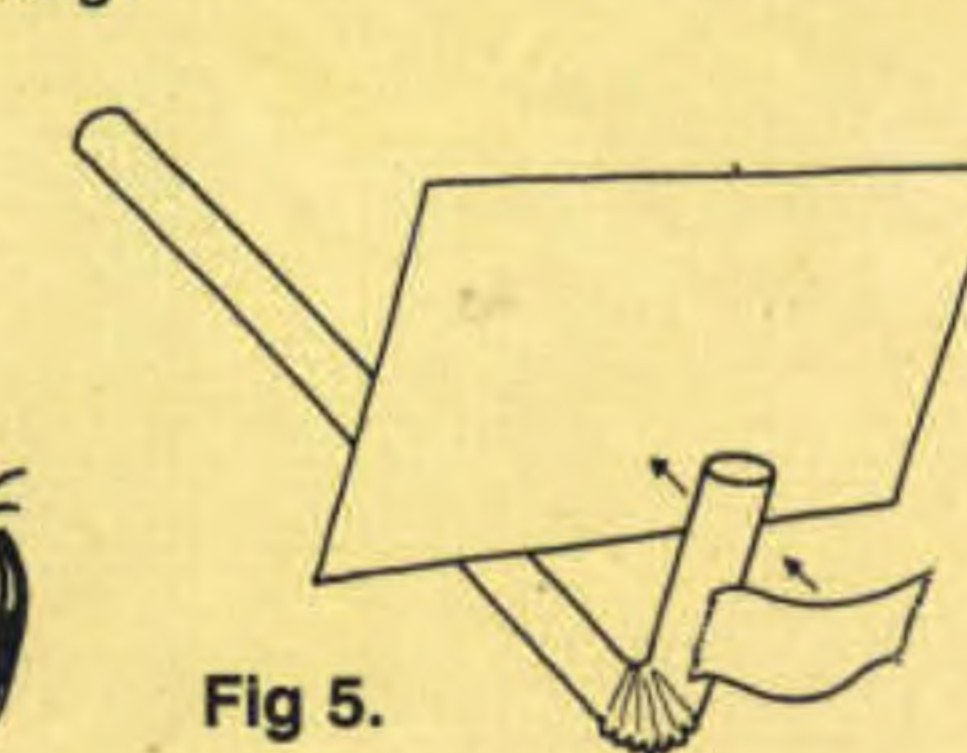


Fig 4.



TAB

TAB



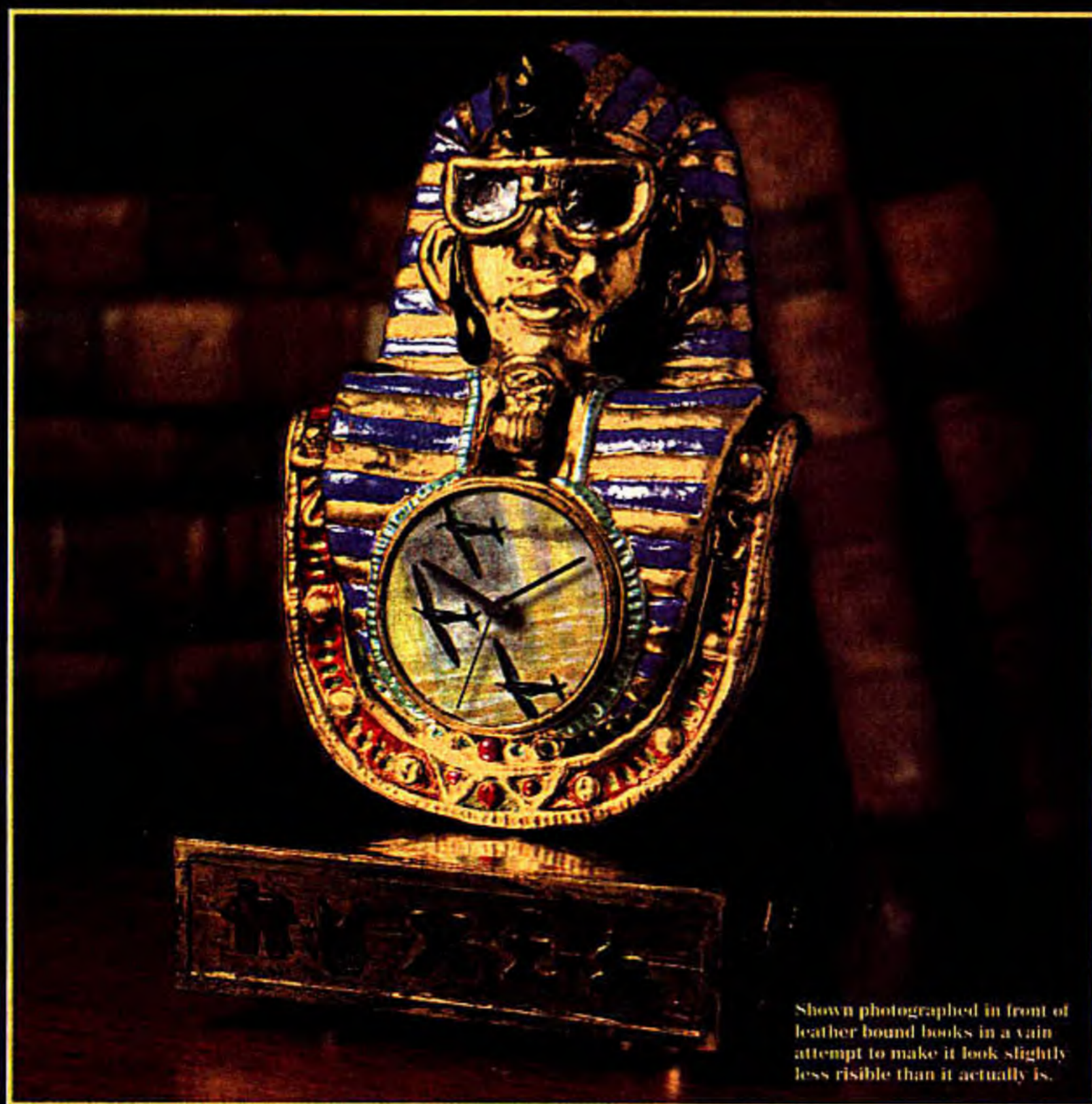
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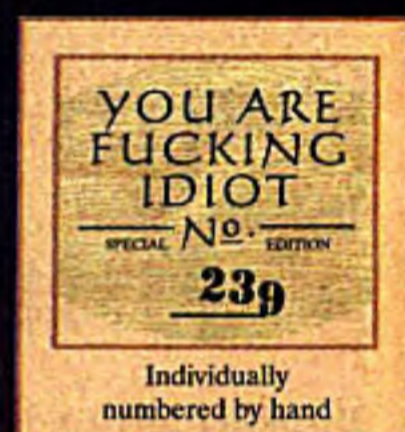


The Vermin Mint are privileged to present the first ever fully self-authorised

ELVIS PRESLEY DAMBUSTERS CLOCK PLATE OF TUTANKHAMUN



Shown photographed in front of leather bound books in a vain attempt to make it look slightly less risible than it actually is.



A Hook-a-Duck Stall quality Special Edition timepiece adorned with faux genuine hieroglyphics

The most revered artefact ever robbed from a grave - The Death Mask of Tutankhamun. The greatest singer the world has ever known - Elvis Aaron Presley. Now for the first time these two legends are combined in a unique Dambusters Clock Plate - a handsome addition to any tat-cluttered mantelpiece. Fashioned of the finest Taiwanese porcelain, a blend of finely powdered plastic and resins, every feature of the King of Rock 'n' Roll is captured in intricate detail for all eternity. Meticulously hand painted in the finest Humbrol to blend beautifully with the elegant Dambusters clock plate - a lasting reminder of one of the greatest war movies of all time. The base is decorated with genuine Egyptian hieroglyphics taken from the pyramid of Tutankhamun. They recount the ancient curse "Your home is at risk if you do not keep up payments on this shit".

Valuation experts have been unable to put a worth on this truly magnificent heirloom quality tat-nette, which can be yours for a single one-off payment of £49.50* exclusively from The Vermin Mint.

Your **LIFETIME GUARANTEE** of our **COMPLETE SATISFACTION**.

In the not unlikely event that you are disappointed with your Vermin Mint purchase, you may return it to us at **ANY TIME** and we will be happy to retain your payment promptly and in full. And that's a promise.

* per month, for ever and ever. Amen

Issued in a Special Edition**

**Completely meaningless

Please send off your money **NOW** before a 12 year-old glue-sniffer posing as a Gas man beats us to it

Preferential Reservation Certificate (Order Form)

Post to: **The Vermin Mint**, c/o Scum Plastics Ltd. Taiwan

Please accept my reservation application for *The Elvis Presley Dambusters Clock Plate of Tutankhamun*. I enclose £49.50 as the first of an infinite series of escalating payments which would make a Lloyd's name feel he had got off lightly.

NAME (Mrs/Mrs/Mrs)

ADDRESS

POST CODE

TELEPHONE

All orders subject to acceptance by The Vermin Mint. (That is to say, we've come up with an idea to put this into production, but we're not sure how many of you are stupid enough to want one. If we don't take enough orders, we'll simply not bother making any and tell the twats who did order one that their applications have been 'unsuccessful on this occasion'). ☐ Tick here to pay an extra £10

HEARTACHE OF THE EGGHEADS



TODAY'S millionaire soccer stars wear designer clothes, drive fast cars and pull top class tottle in trendy clubs.

But for a handful of footballers life is not so sweet. And while their team mates go out boozing, brawling and acting flash, they are left behind to reflect on the crippling condition that prevents them from joining in with the high jinks.

These are the football eggheads - a small and sorry group of players who are, quite simply, too brainy to join in with bloke-ish banter and off-field antics of modern day football.

School

Some have university educations. Some simply tried too hard at school. Others

Soccer swots get red card from plebby pals

may, through no fault of their own, have developed cultural interests beyond drinking and playing golf. But all of them are cursed by the same thing - an intellect which cruelly sets them apart from their colleagues.

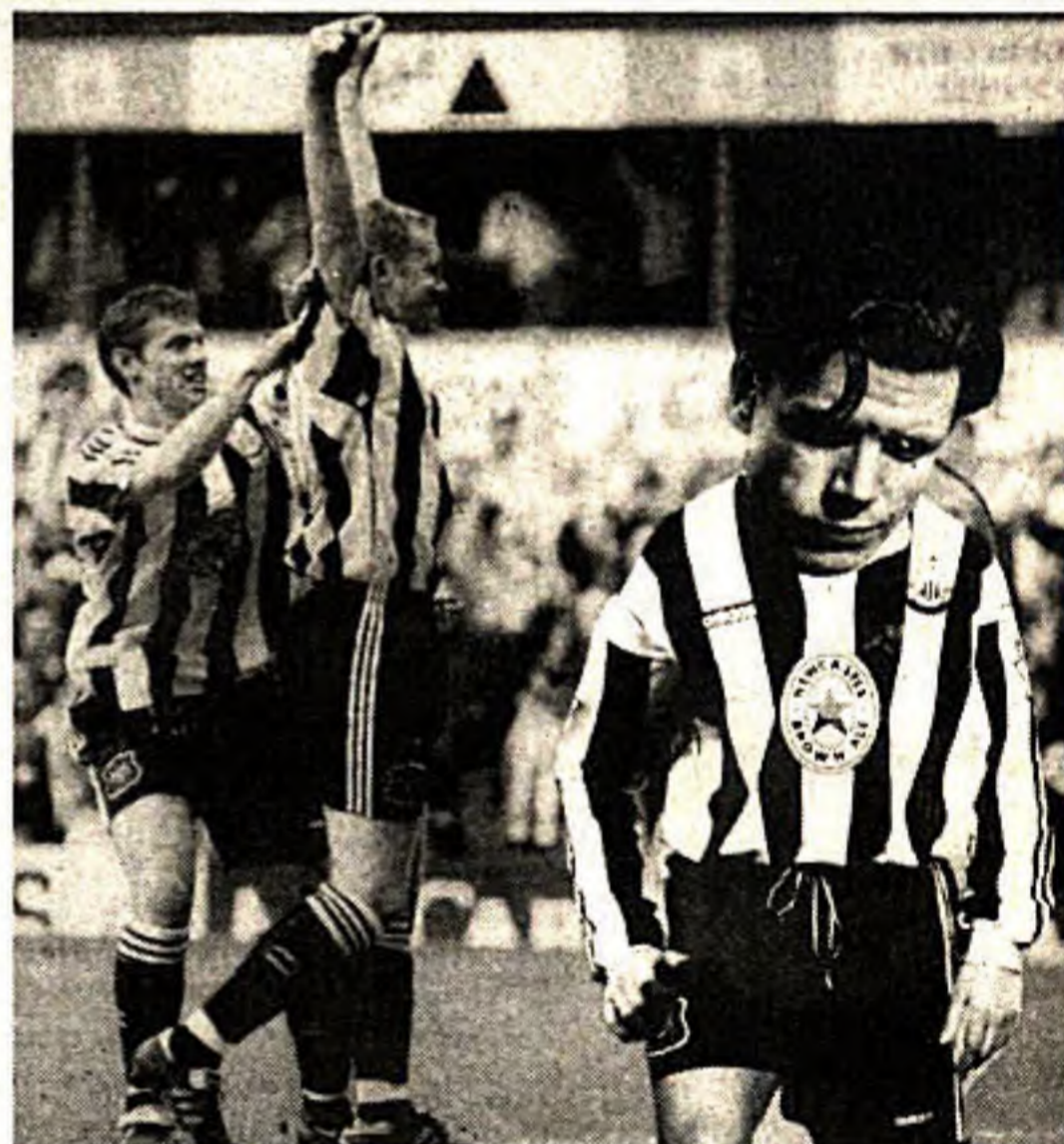
Most choose to suffer in silence, rather than risk the ridicule of fellow professionals. But for those brave enough to come out in the open, life can be a nightmare. On the field they face abuse from team mates and opponents alike. Off it they miss out on boozy trips to the races and shameful nightclub scenes. Social outcasts, they often sit alone on the team bus reading a book while team mates play cards and exchange laddish crudities.

Gaggle

One soccer egghead, who for obvious reasons preferred not to be named, told us how he had suffered after signing for a Premier League club. Goalkeeper 'X' went to university, and is a keen ornithologist. Nevertheless, he tried hard to fit in with his new team mates. "I used to be tee total, but I practised drinking at home so I could go out clubbing with the lads. I even bought false breasts to wear in the changing room. But nobody laughed. They saw through it all - it just wasn't me".

Crash

Mike tried playing golf with the other players, but he kept stopping to look at birds. The feathered variety. "I couldn't help myself." Heads began to turn, and a whispering campaign began behind his back. In desperation he tried to start a fight outside a nightclub.



OUT IN THE COLD - A soccer swot missing out on the fun yesterday. (Picture posed by model).

"I went up to a bloke to boast loudly that I earned more in a week than he did in a year, but it came out the wrong way round. Everyone just laughed. I tried offending his girlfriend, but she thought I was joking. Eventually I went home in tears".

Parliament

Hooper ended up being dropped from the Newcastle team, and was eventually transferred to Portsmouth in the lower divisions.

Flange

Blackburn and England full back Graeme Le Saux is one soccer egghead who is proud to be brainy. He recently came out of the closet and began writing high brow articles for a broad sheet newspaper. Former Scotland and Chelsea star Pat Nevin is another.

Exaltation

Pat first realised he might be intelligent when he began to question his own musical preferences. "I'd always known I was differ-

ent from other players. I'd never liked Phil Collins records. At first I thought I'd grow out of it. I kept on buying them, thinking that eventually I'd come round. But I was living a lie".

Pride

One day after training Pat made the difficult decision to tell his team mates that he didn't like mainstream pop. "I'll never forget their faces", he told us. "You could have heard a pin drop in that changing room". Off the field Pat openly pursued an interest in alternative music, and began to write for the NME. But his football career never recovered. Eventually he was transferred to Tranmere in the lower divisions.

Whoop

But perhaps the biggest soccer egghead of all is current Newcastle goalkeeper Shaka Hislop. University educated space boffin Hislop quit his job with NASA in the USA to become a footballer - making him not only the Premier League's tallest

Is constipation making YOU feel low?.. then SHIT YOUR PANTS and HIT THE HIGH NOTES

with a *Laxaphone* **Enematic Wind Instrument**



DO NOT confuse with ordinary saxophones which have little or no effect on impacted faeces.

WE all suffer the pain and discomfort of constipation now and again, and most of us just grin and bare it. But why suffer in silence when you can do those poos and play the Blues. The Laxaphone, with its revolutionary sennacot fibre reed loosens your stools and rids you of the pain by gently purging your bowels as you play

Free tutorial video teaches you to play "Frere Jacques" - enough to shift 85% of all constipation. (More seriously egg-bound guts may require the solo from "Baker Street")



It's goodbye constipation, hello syncopation.

Good-time George Melly says-

"This Laxaphone is dynamite. I hadn't been for a week and was starting to suffer from stomach cramps. But after one chorus of "Stranger on the Shore" I'd shifted two hundred weight of dog's eggs - And that's jazz"



Only **£899.99**

WARNING! NOT to be used for Bee-Bop, or Freeform atonic jazz, due to risk of rectal prolapse.

SOCCER

Brainy stars who suffer in silence



LE SAUX - wrote for posh paper



HISLOP - rocket scientist

goalkeeper, but also the only rocket scientist playing professional football in Britain.

Squeal

But perhaps the most surprising egg head of them all is burly former Southampton and West Ham striker Ian Dowie. Despite a university education Dowie successfully fooled fellow players and fans into thinking he was thick.

Dowie realised he would never make it as a pro footballer if people knew he was brainy. As an apprentice he went to see the film 'The Hills Have Eyes' after training. "I decided to model myself physically on an in-bred hill billy character in the film", he didn't

tell us yesterday. Neither did he say "So far it has worked wonders".

Another egghead used a different trick to avoid the changing room bullies. Manchester United captain Eric Cantona, who reads books without pictures and paints in his spare time, decided to come to England so that other players wouldn't understand a word he says.

Yelp

"It's worked well so far", a source close to the United camp told us. "Few people have twigged that Eric is actually a bit of a brainy ponce. It's only when he starts talking about seagulls in English that his team mates begin to wonder".

First with
the news!



Viz - February 1995

We said Danny Baker was a twat in February 1995 - two years before the other papers picked up on the story.

Bonkers Baker went on a bender after Beeb bosses booted the tubby talk show host off the air following the controversial cockney's comments about football referees.

Now's refs can reap revenge by buying our Baker T-shirt (shown above). They're just £4.99 to qualified football referees, £5 to the general public. Postage included. Send a cheque (payable to Dennis) to Viz, P.O.Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT. Don't forget to give us your name and address.

Dolby didn't blind bookies with science

FORMER pop star Thomas Dolby was remanded in custody yesterday after being convicted of attempted fraud by Burnley magistrates.

Dolby, 46, of no fixed address, had originally pleaded not guilty to charges of attempting to obtain £125,000 cash from a bookmaker by deception. He later changed his plea to guilty on legal advice.



Dolby several years ago

Laboratory

The court heard how in November of last year Dolby entered the Turf Moor branch of Ladbrokes wearing a white laboratory coat, and excitedly told counter staff he had come to collect his winnings. His appearance was dishevelled and his hair was smouldering. He was waving a newspaper in his hand. Staff quickly ejected him from the shop.

Lavatory

The following day he returned smartly dressed, and asked to place a £25

bet at odds of 5000 to 1 that he would invent time travel that afternoon. If successful he told staff he would pop in yesterday to collect his winnings, carrying a copy of the previous day's newspaper as proof.

Lava lamp

The manager became suspicious and alerted police. Sentence was deferred pending psychiatric reports. An application for bail was refused.

"I elect to buy Viz. Every issue is top of my agenda" says Tony Blair



YOU are the TWAT

Test your knowledge of the media

No.268

You're hosting a radio sports phone-in when a qualified and knowledgeable football referee rings up to make a point. What do you do?
(a) Let him make his point, then comment intelligently on it.
(b) Take the opportunity to ask him questions about his job.
(c) Go blue in your fat face trying to get him cut off, and then punch the producer.

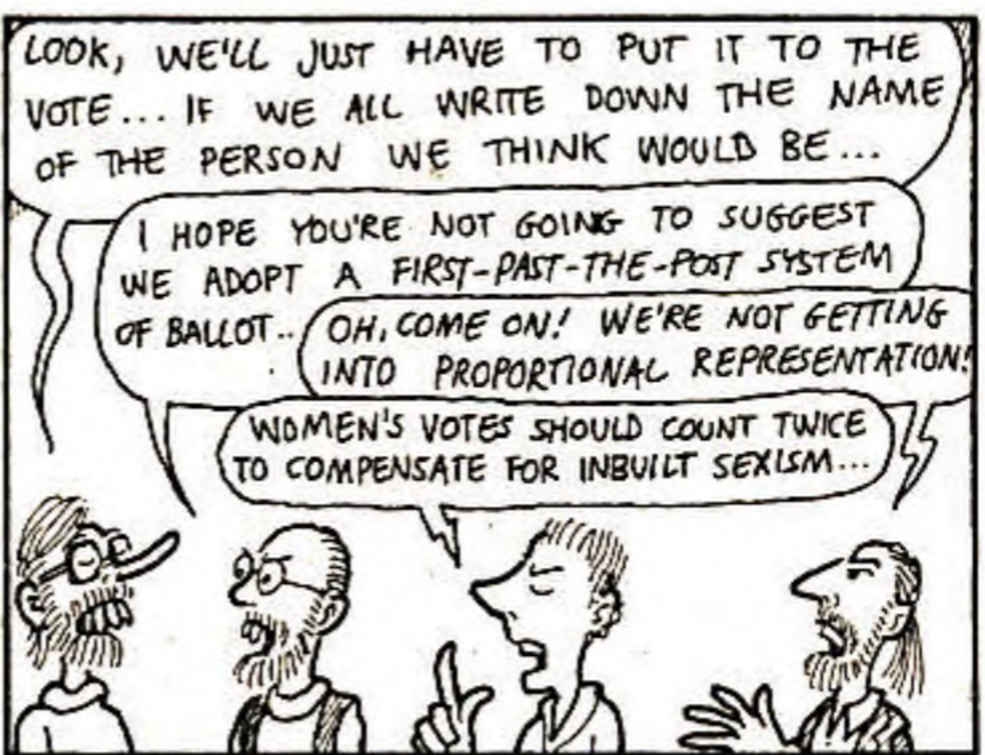
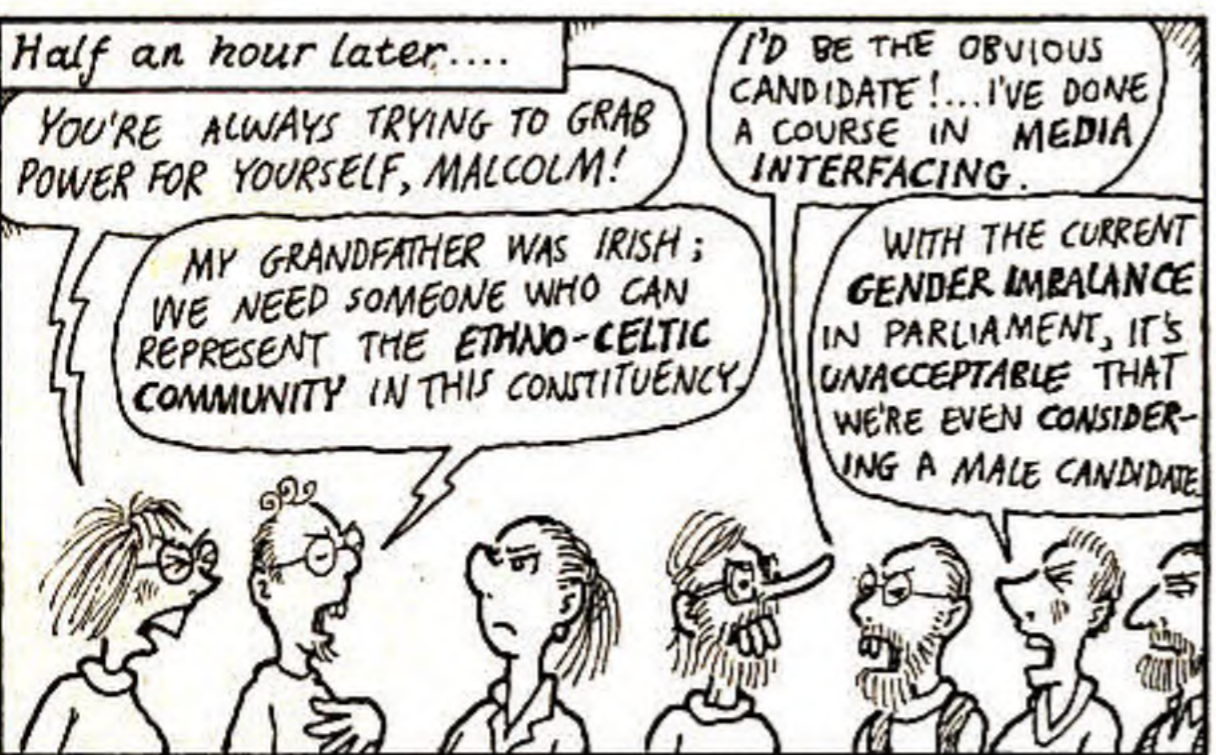
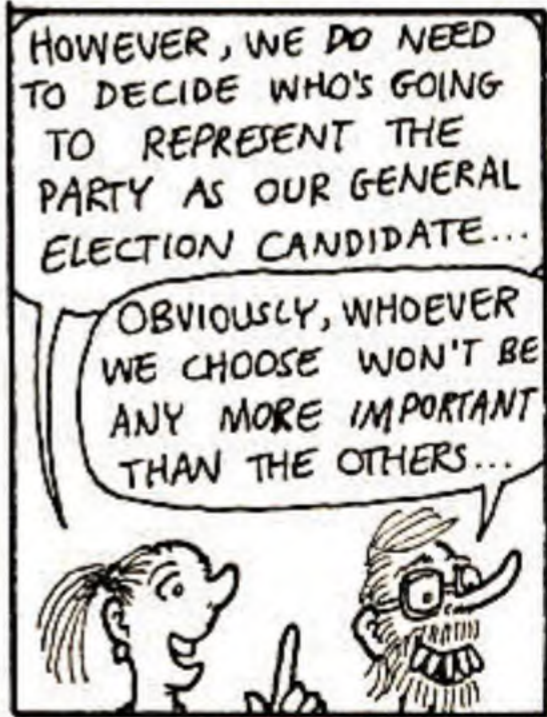
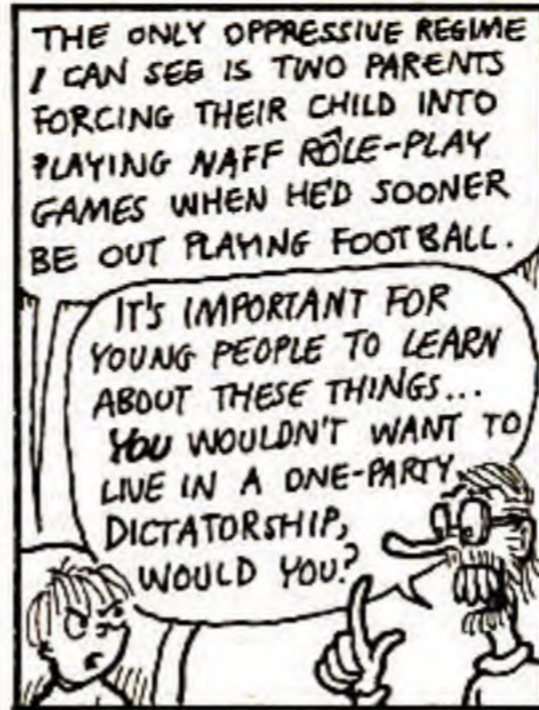


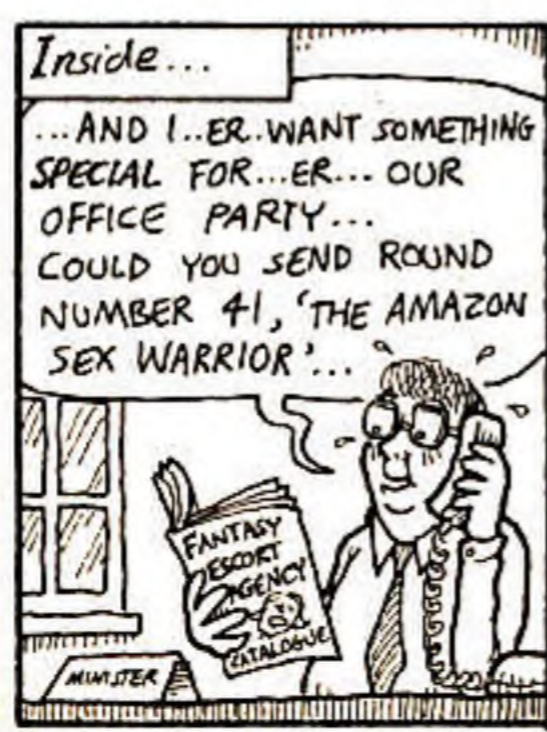
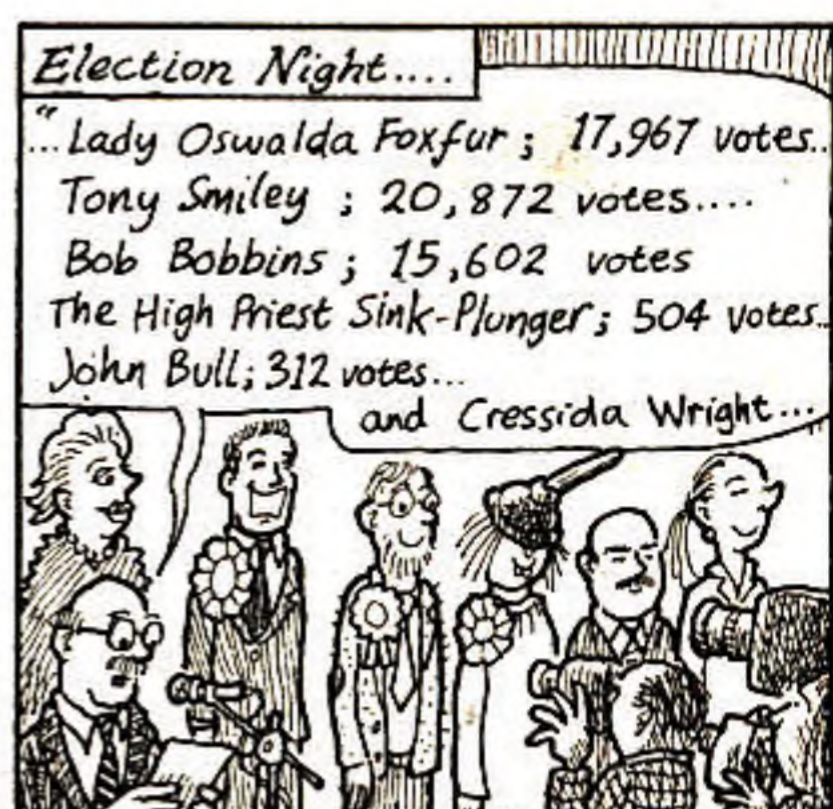
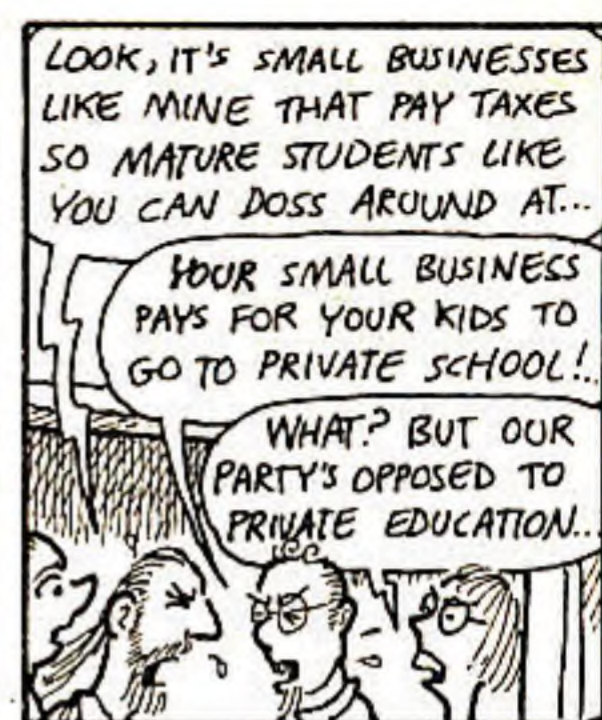
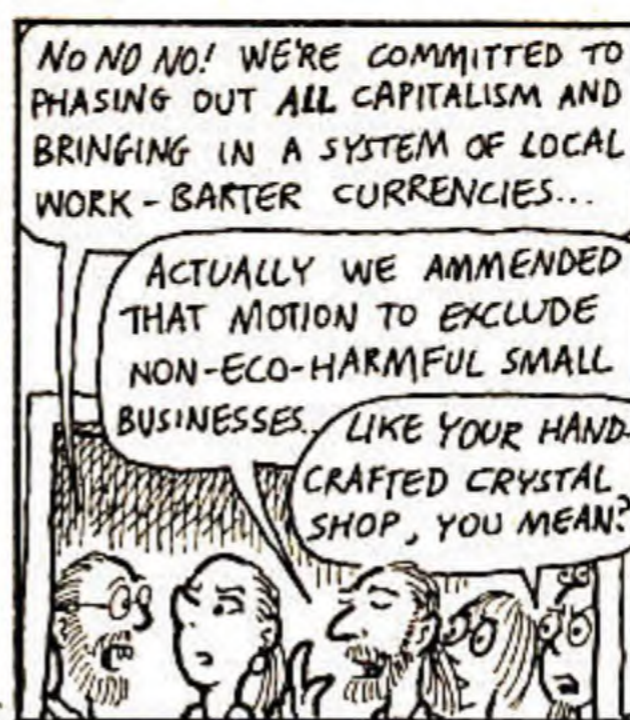
You have a cushy job doing something you enjoy - listening to the sound of your own voice - and getting paid for it by the BBC. What do you do?
(a) Nothing. (b) Piss on your chips, and end up working on a tu'penny ha'penny going nowhere talk station with no listeners.



For this week's answers phone Danny Baker's football phone-in on Talk Radio. You should get through quite easily.

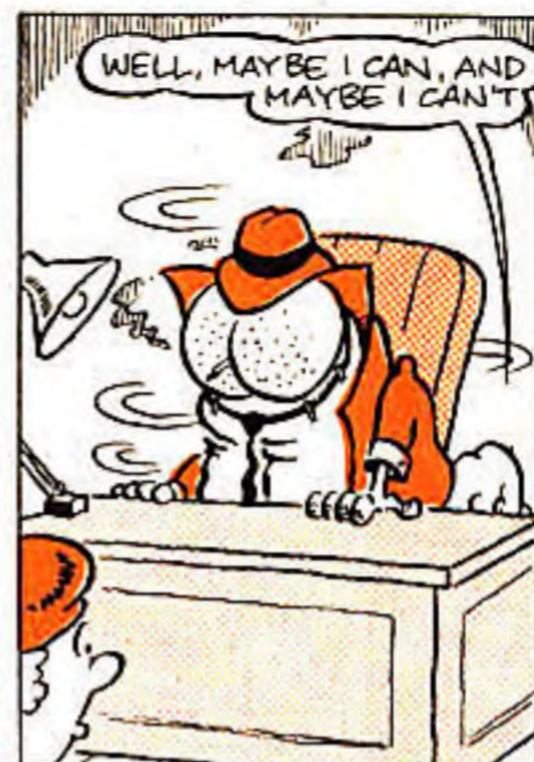
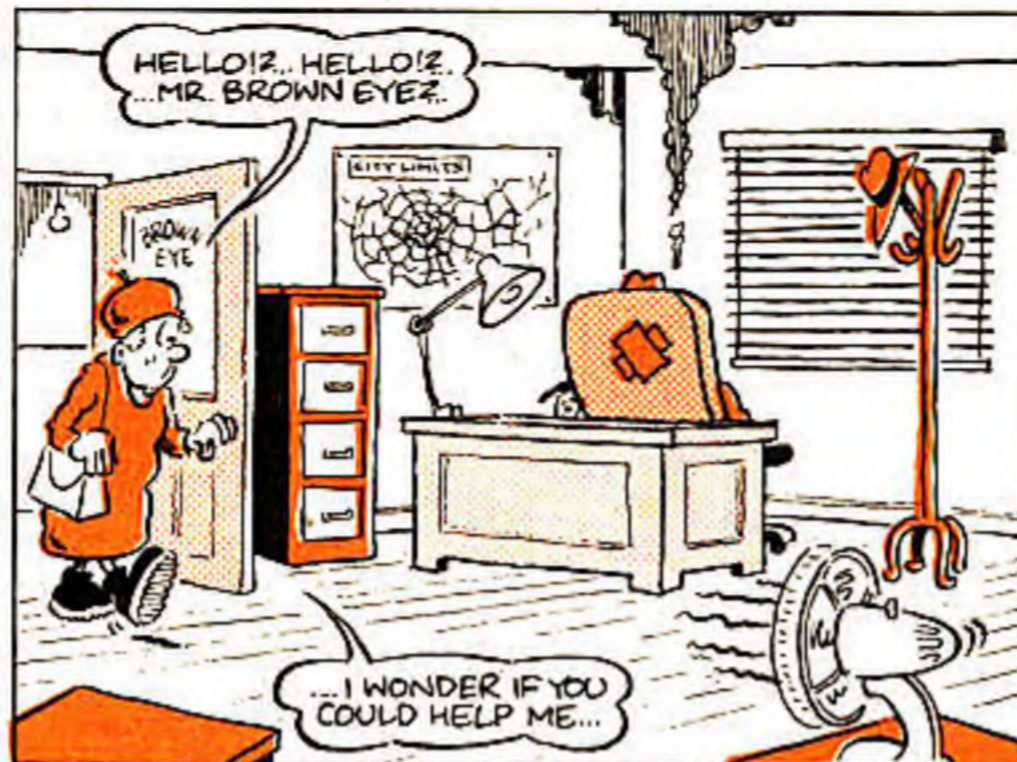
The MODERN PARENTS



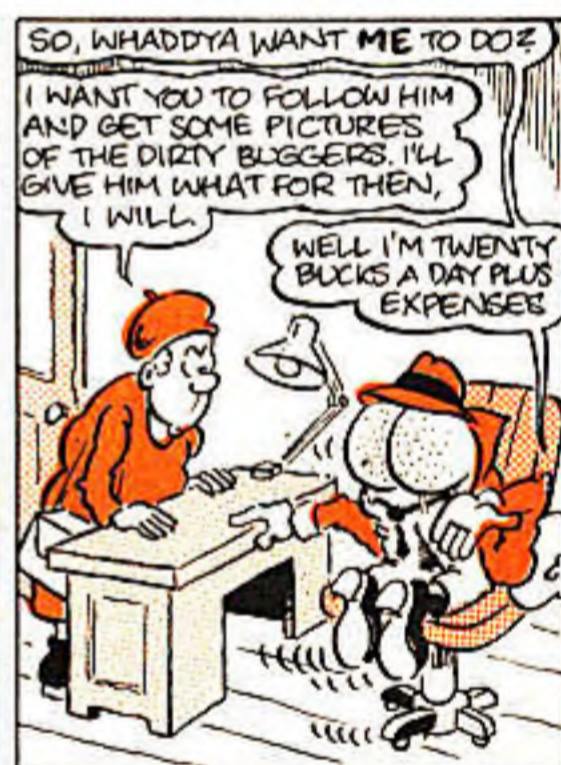


BROWN EYE P.I.

It was one of those days when being a Private Investigator didn't seem as nice as the pictures in the brochure. My wallet was as flat as the tyres on my straight eight Buick and the landlord was knocking louder than the big end. I was just about to hide from him inside a bottle of cheap Bourbon when the door opened and SHE walked in...



What a broad! She had legs. Two of them. I counted them. Then I counted them again. I looked her up and down, and she was just as hot both ways. She'd been shoe-horned into a little black velvet number. She wasn't fancy but she had more style than a farmer's wall and her body threw more curves than Babe Ruth. Suddenly, the day didn't seem too bad after all....



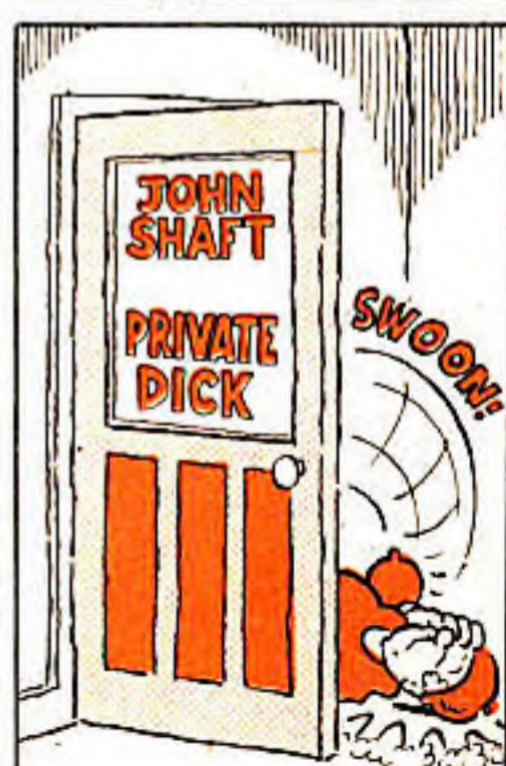
The next day was hot. Too hot. The heat hung over Pondicherry Crescent like a six dollar suit on a one-eyed fat man, and I was sweating in places I didn't know I had places. I'd been standing on the sidewalk like a tin of milk for two hours, when I saw him. This guy was dressed to kill. You oughta need a licence to wear pants with a crease that sharp.



I smelled a rat - and it wasn't running round a wheel in a cage. It doesn't take Percy Thrower to know that you don't mow a bedroom carpet, least ways round, that's how I figured it. It looked like this sap was cheating on his swell doll of a wife. It was just a hunch. Sometimes they pay off, sometimes they don't. And I had a hunch this one would pay off...

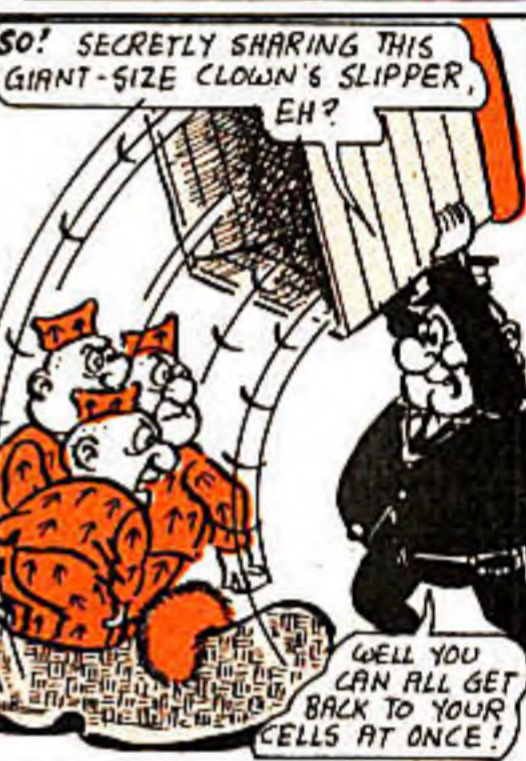
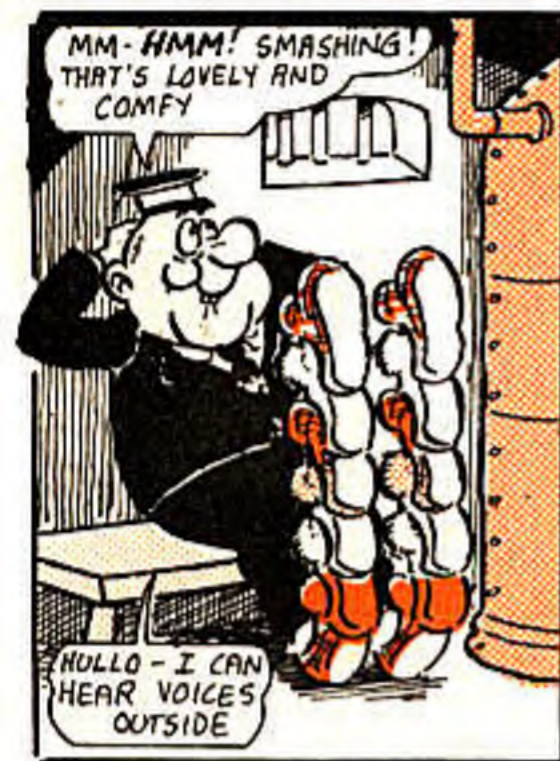
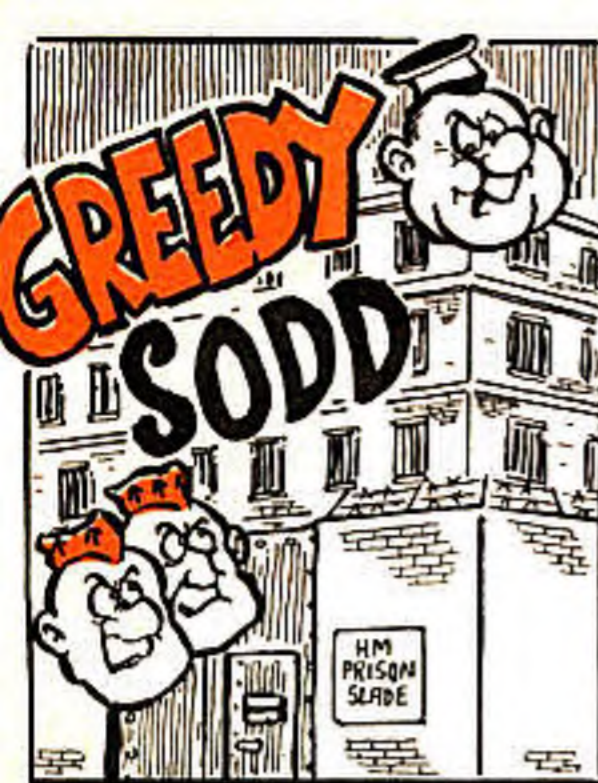


I'd been rumbled. Were these two goons on Madge's payroll? I didn't know, and I wasn't sticking round to answer questions that hadn't been asked. Leastways, not for a lousy twenty greenbacks a day. I picked what was left of my face from the sidewalk and hightailed it back to my office. I thought things couldn't get worse, I was wrong. They got worse...



BULLY BEEFEATER & YEOMAN SOFT





Fucking fantastic

GOOD news for fans of booze. Britain's rudest magazine has joined forces with Britain's rudest pub chain. And as a result Viz Top Tipple is now 'widely' available across the country, loosely speaking.

The cheekily named *Fucking* pub chain, whose bars include the *Fleece & Fucking* and the *Friar & Fucking*, have agreed to fucking well stock our beer! So if you live near a *Fucking* pub, ask for Viz Top Tipple. (If they don't have it in stock, tell the manager to try ordering some from his fucking sales department.)

Stock

Top Tipple is also in stock at the Tap & Spile pubs in Nun Street, Newcastle, and Whitley Road, Whitley Bay. It's available to all Tap & Spile pubs, so if you're near one, please tap your friendly landlord or landlady and tell them you'd like some Viz Top Tipple. If enough people ask for it the miserable sod might actually order some.

Gravy

If you're in Northallerton, your search for Top Tipple ends at Lewis & Cooper's off license on the High

It's fabulous news for Viz booze!



Street. Meanwhile, readers on the remote North Yorkshire Moors need only yomp as far as Beck Hole, near Goathland, to find our favourite Tipple at the Birch Hall Inn. If you're in York, get a bus to the Blacksmith's Arms in Flaxton. If you're in Hull, try the Kings Ale House, Market Place. And smoggy students at Teeside Polytechnic... sorry, University, can buy subsidised Top Tipple for next to nothing in their Union

or Halls of Residence bar. If we've forgotten to mention your local, don't worry. You can order Top Tipple by post. Details below.

Bouillon

Everyone who buys a bottle of Viz booze between now and 30th June 1997 will have a chance to win the magnificent miniature bar and matching stools pictured below. This classic period home booze station, lavishly finished in gold

and spangle effect plastics, has a glass display window behind which you can arrange your Top Tipple, Ace and other home boozing commodities.

Post

If you order Top Tipple by post, we'll automatically enter your name into the draw to win the bar. If you buy Top Tipple in a shop or pub, tear off the label and send it, together with your name and address, to: Viz Bar Draw, P.O.Box

1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT, to arrive by no later than 30th June 1997. If you don't want to buy any booze but fancy the bar, write and tell us you couldn't get the label off or something.

Milk

To order Top Tipple by post send a cheque for £20 (payable to the "North Yorks Brewery.") to NYB Top Tipple, 84 North Ormesby Road, Middlesbrough, TS4 2AG.

Enclose a note saying "George. Please send me 12 bottles of Viz Top Tipple. Thanks" and remember to include your name and address. You can ring the brewery on (01642) 226224, but if it's just an obscene call please keep it as brief as possible.

Coal

Finally, if you're a booze peddler by trade, our Top Tipple is available to all off licenses supplied by Winerte, the Leeds based wholesaler. Fiona or Mark at Nector Imports of Warminster (01747) 840 100 will also be happy to supply your shop or pub. If you stock Top Tipple, for consumption on or off your premises, and want a mention in the next issue, send details to our Newcastle address.

Cheers! The bar is on us



COMPETITION WINNERS ISSUE 82

VIZ TOP TIPPLE

Piss up in a brewery winner
John Tait, Morpeth.

12 runners up

(1 crate of Top Tipple each)
Peter Drobinski, Alton. Mrs C Eastwood, Bradford. John G Hoey, Raynes Park. David Manning, Southall. S Trivass, Crawley. Daniel Taylor, Nottingham. Mr M Pickles, Leeds. James Vernon, Near Atherstone. Andrew Woodward, Bradford. Ian Yates, Clitheroe. Pete Tomlin, Letchworth. Michael Lopatis, Walthamstow.

PYST COMPETITION

PYST CD Roms

Drew Guttridge, Caithness. Steven Martin, London. Paul Harley, Catford. A Dalton, Surrey. Matt Brunton, Swindon. D M Marcus, Hove. Will Bates, Norwich. Philip Dargan, Baldoye. John Monaghan, Manchester. Mike Painter, Harrow. Derek Law, Bolton. Ian Carey, Raheny.

RUPALI COMPETITION

A meal for four delivered to the door
Mr I Walmsley, Glossop.

SIMPSONLY THE BEST!

WE'VE got a dozen spanking new Simpsons videos to give away. And if they're half as funny as the girl who gave us them's surname, they'll be well worth watching.

The videos feature four Simpson episodes including a rare, never-before-seen-on-TV (Sky-or-Terrestrial) episode entitled 'The Springfield Files'. People in the PR industry traditionally have bizarre names, but the lady who sent us the prize - entitled Helen Molyneux-Brush - has the funniest we've heard so far. ('Molyneux' as in football ground, 'brush' as in toilet).

Anyway, The Simpsons video is released by 20th Century Fox Home Entertainment and aimed at an adult audience. It's a must for all cartoon fans. It goes on sale from April 1st and you can buy it in the shops, or possibly win a copy by correctly answering these simple Simpson questions.

1. Alan Simpson was the Labour MP for Nottingham North at the time of writing, and very probably still is. What was his majority at the last General Election (not this one, the one before)?
(a) 3,181
(b) 31,810
(c) 318,100

2. Which King pissed on his Royal chips by going to live with a snooty bint called Mrs Simpson?
(a) King Edward VIII
(b) King Henry VIII
(c) Jason King

3. Which TV series did comedy writers Goltan & Simpson write?
(a) Fawlty Towers
(b) Mr Bean
(c) Steptoe & Son



**12 adult
Simpsons
videos
to be
won**

4. Which town in Kent teamed up with a Simpson to score an eighties pop hit with the 'Solid'?
(a) Ramsgate
(b) Herne Bay
(c) Ashford

5. Which second rate actor was staying with celebrity knife-man O.J. Simpson when the innocent star murdered his wife and a friend wearing too small gloves and shoes he's never owned?
(a) Cato Kalen
(b) Kate O'Mara
(c) Kaolin O'Morphine

6. In 1847 Sir James Young Simpson, the learned physician, discovered the anaesthetic qualities of what?
(a) Carlsberg Special Brew
(b) Chloroform
(c) Radio 4

(b) Chloroform
(c) Radio 4

7. What was 18th Century egghead Thomas Simpson's rule?
(a) No ball games on the grass
(b) No reading at the dinner table
(c) Area = $\frac{1}{2}h(u_1 + u_n + 2(u_2 + u_3 + \dots + u_{n-2}) + 4(u_4 + u_5 + \dots + u_{n-1}))$

8. Former athlete Judy Simpson (nee Livermore) is now better known as which TV Gladiator?
(a) Night Shade
(b) Lamp Shade
(c) Wolf

The first 12 correct entries out of the hat will receive a copy of the Simpsons video. And our apologies to Helen Molyneux-Brush (Pffffffpp!!) for taking the piss.

THE 95.8

CAPITAL FM

We apologise for this emergency FAXED GRAPHIC

EXTRAVAGANZA 97

CALLING all youths! Hey, check this out. Extravaganza 97 is THE largest style indoor interactive youth event in Britain. Yo. It's happening, man, at Earls Court in London from the 24th to the 27th of May.

Teenagers are mad for it. Last year 60,000 youths turned up for the gig, and 94% of them said they'd be back next year. Cool. This time round 75,000 bods are expected to attend. Mega.

There's everything a dumb kid with a misaligned baseball cap and a short attention span could want for. Parachuting, basketball, mountain biking, zip-line flying, in-line skating, exhibitions and all your fave chart acts appearing live on stage. Last year Peter Andre, Gina G, Let Loose and Gemini were among the visitors. (Past performance is no guarantee of future results). There's also a Fashion & Beauty zone where you can see titless top models performing choreographed fashion displays, take part in make-over demonstrations, and buy cheap jewellery. And of course there's the inevitable fizzy drinks, flashing lights and loud, monotonous, thumping music from start till finish. It's a must for anyone who is 'happening', and who doesn't tend towards epilepsy.

Capital FM, a London based popular music radio station, sponsor Extravaganza 97 and will be broadcasting live from the event. Wicked. Admission costs £6 (£5 with a flyer) and the Extravaganza is open from 10am till 7pm, Saturday 24th to Monday 26th, and till 6pm on Tuesday 27th. We're getting a little old for that sort of thing, so we're giving away our 15 pairs of tickets to the first youths who can answer these teenage pop type questions. Hey. Go for it.

1. Who sang "I am sixteen, going on seventeen"?
(a) Eddie Van Halen
(b) Lisa Von Trapp
(c) Baron Von Richtoven

2. Eddie & The Hots Rods had which teenage hit in the seventies?
(a) Teenage Rampage
(b) Teenage Depression
(c) Teenage Kicks

3. Who had a Number One hit with "Only Sixteen"?
(a) Craig Douglas
(b) Douglas Bader
(c) The Bader Meinhoff Gang.

4. Which band sang "7 teen"?
(a) The Oxfords
(b) The Regents
(c) The Picadillies

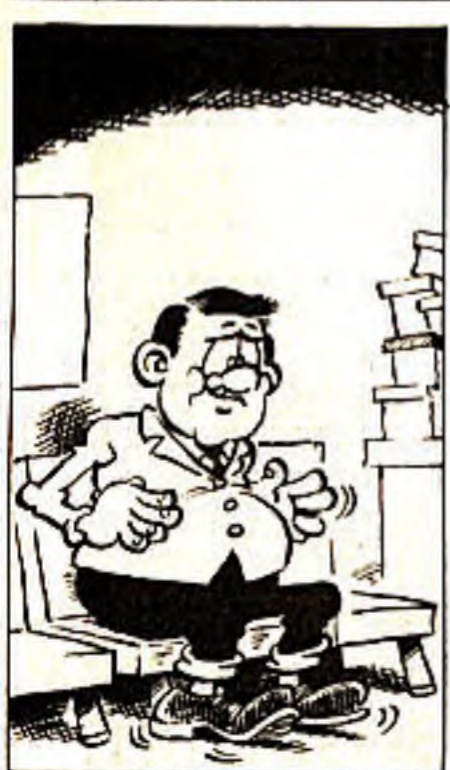
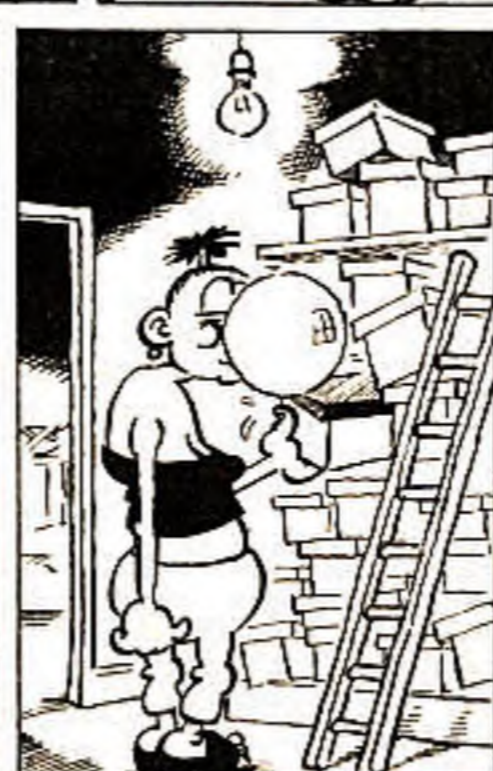
5. Who sang "N-n-n-n-nineteen"?
(a) Paul Hardcastle
(b) Roy 'Dead' Castle
(c) Barbara 'Ugly' Castle

6. How old was Napoleon?
(a) 12
(b) 18
(c) 26

Send your answers on a postcard etc. The winners will receive their tickets by post in time for the big event. If you're unfortunate enough to receive their signal Capital FM will no doubt be broadcasting endless, repetitive details of Extravaganza 97 - complete with thumping music in the background - from now until May 27th.

HOW TO ENTER
Answers on a postcard in writing with a pen or on your computer with a mouse, and post to:
Viz, PO Box 1PT
Newcastle upon Tyne
NE99 1PT
Or E mail them to:
web@johnbrown.co.uk
Remember to include your own name and postal address. Closing date for competitions in this issue is 10th May 1997.

LAZY DISINTERESTED 16 YEAR-OLD SHOE SHOP GIRL



MORE SHOE SHOP CHUCKLES NEXT TIME - WHEN THE MAN ASKS IF HE CAN TRY THE BLACK ONES ON AFTER ALL.

**DARK, STUFFY BEDROOM, PALE, FAT, NO-FRIENDS
DISMAL OBSESSION COMICS PRESENTS...**



EVIL ENTOMOLOGIST DR. DAVE HYMENOPTERA...
ALONE IN THE LABORATORY AND MEDLING
WITH THINGS HE SHOULDN'T OF, STANG BY
AN IONICALLY MODIFIED ANT,
HE BECAME...

THE... ANT MASTER!

HUNDREDS OF FEET ABOVE THE STREETS OF BIGTOWN CITY, THE ANT MASTER SURVEYS THE SPRAWLING METROPOLIS AND HATCHES A DASTARDLY PLAN...

LOOK AT THEM ALL DOWN THERE. THE
PUNY CREATURES GOING ABOUT THEIR PATHETIC
LITTLE LIVES. LITTLE DO THEY KNOW
WHAT WE HAVE IN STORE FOR
THEM, EH, MY BEAUTIES?!



WE WHO OUTNUMBER
THEM A MILLION TO ONE. WE
WHO CAN THRIVE IN CONDITIONS
THAT WOULD MAKE THEM SHRIVEL.
WE WHO CAN CARRY OVER EIGHT
TIMES OUR OWN BODYWEIGHT,
LIKE A REALLY BIG LEAF OR
SOMETHING!

WE WHO
WERE THE SIX LEGGED
MASTERS OF THIS PLANET A
MILLION YEARS BEFORE THEY
SET THEIR TWO PUNY FEET
UPON IT!

COMPARED TO US,
THEY ARE A LOAD
OF RUBBISH!

PENCILS- SPIRO
THEOCROPOLIS
INKS- JESUS IGUAMADON
LETTERING-
PASTRAMI TAGLIATELLI
STORY- BIG JIM AEIOU
LAYOUT- MAGNESIUM
LABRADORE
COLOR- JOE RIGATTONI

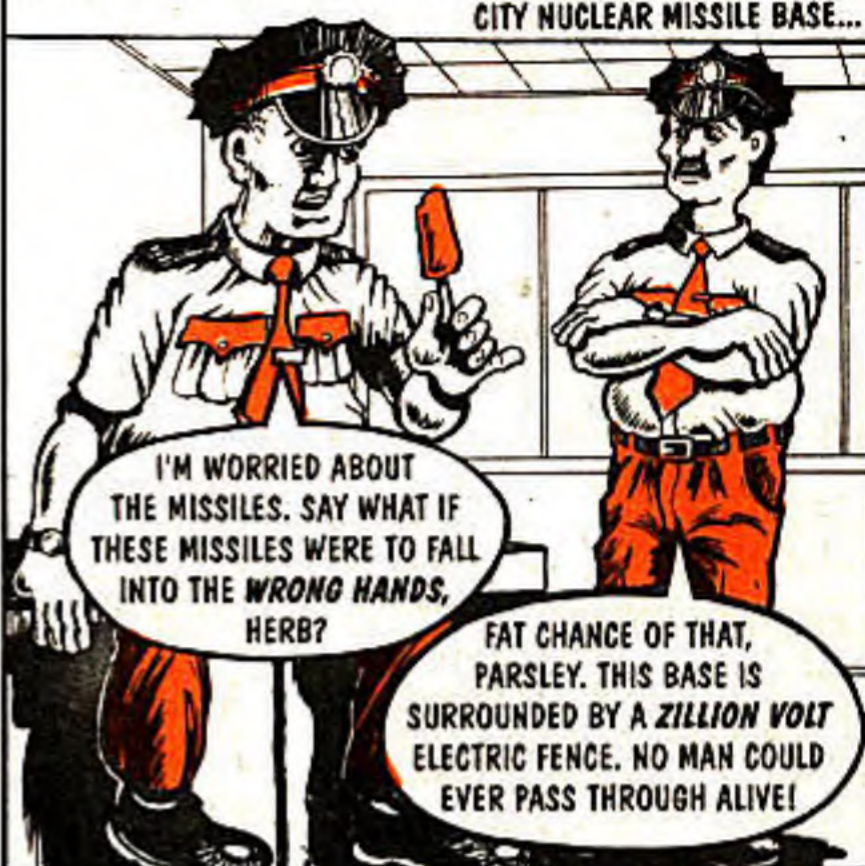
AND
NOW IS OUR
CHANCE TO RISE
AGAIN! WE SHALL
DESTROY THEM WITH THE
BOMBS OF THEIR OWN
MAKING-AND FROM THE
SMOKING RUINS OF THEIR
SO-CALLED CIVILISATION,
ANT HILLS SHALL RISE
LIKE, ER.. ER.. ANT
HILLS!

A MILLION BILLION ANTS.
A SINGLE PURPOSE. A NEW
WORLD ORDER WITH ME AT
ITS HEAD!



COME, MY PRETTY
ONE! LET US AWAKEN
OUR BRAVE BROTHERS!
TOGETHER WE SHALL
MOBILISE OUR ANT HORDES!
THE HOUR OF MY
FORMIDABLE FORMIC
FIGHTING FORCE IS
AT HAND!

LATER THAT DAY IN THE GUARD'S PORTAKABIN OUTSIDE BIGTOWN CITY NUCLEAR MISSILE BASE...



I'M WORRIED ABOUT
THE MISSILES. SAY WHAT IF
THESE MISSILES WERE TO FALL
INTO THE WRONG HANDS,
HERB?

FAT CHANCE OF THAT,
PARSLEY. THIS BASE IS
SURROUNDED BY A ZILLION VOLT
ELECTRIC FENCE. NO MAN COULD
EVER PASS THROUGH ALIVE!

NO MAN INDEED!

HAI HAI HAI HAI

YOU PATHETIC CREATURES! DO
YOU THINK MEN ARE THE ONLY THREAT
TO YOUR FEEBLE SOCIETY?!

HUNH?

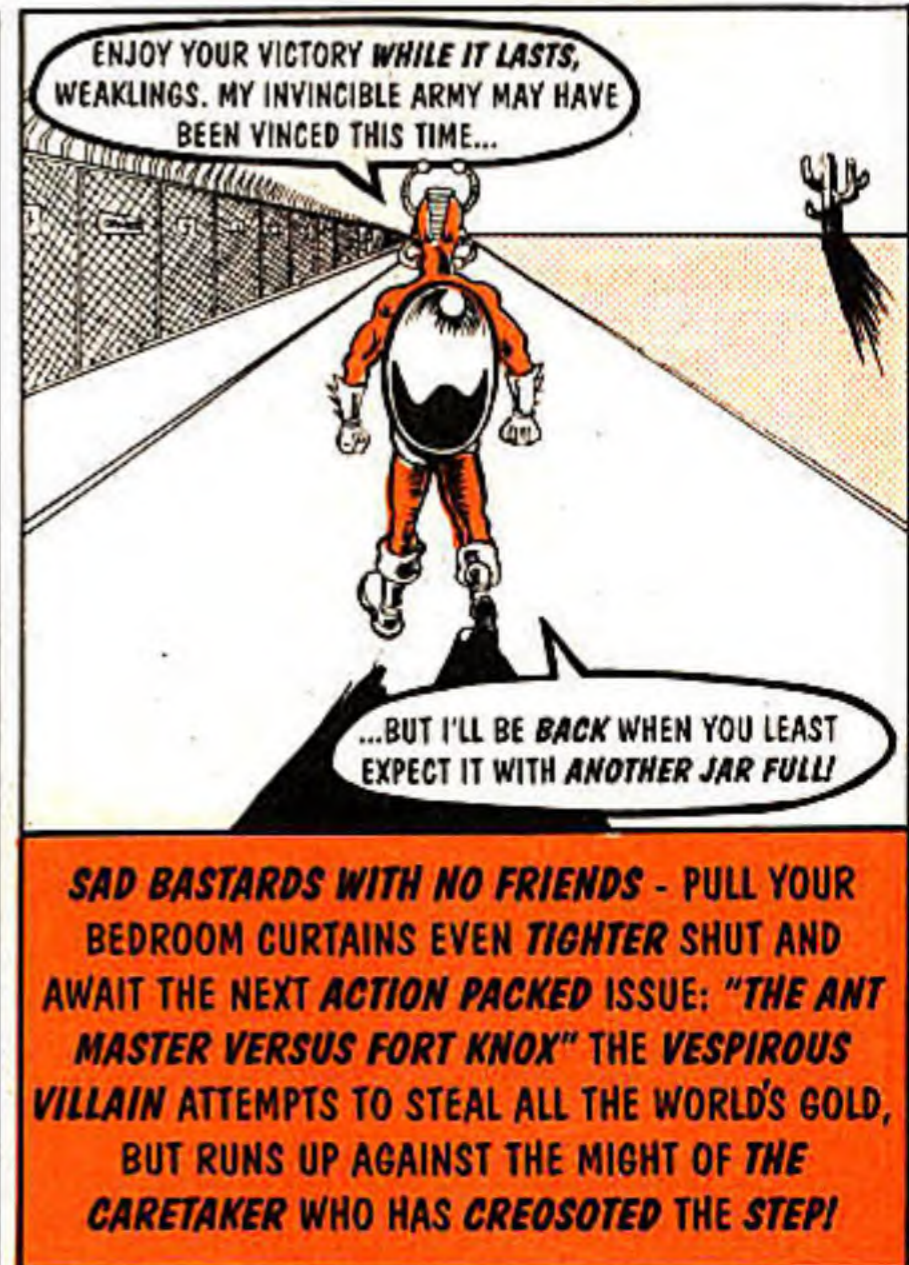
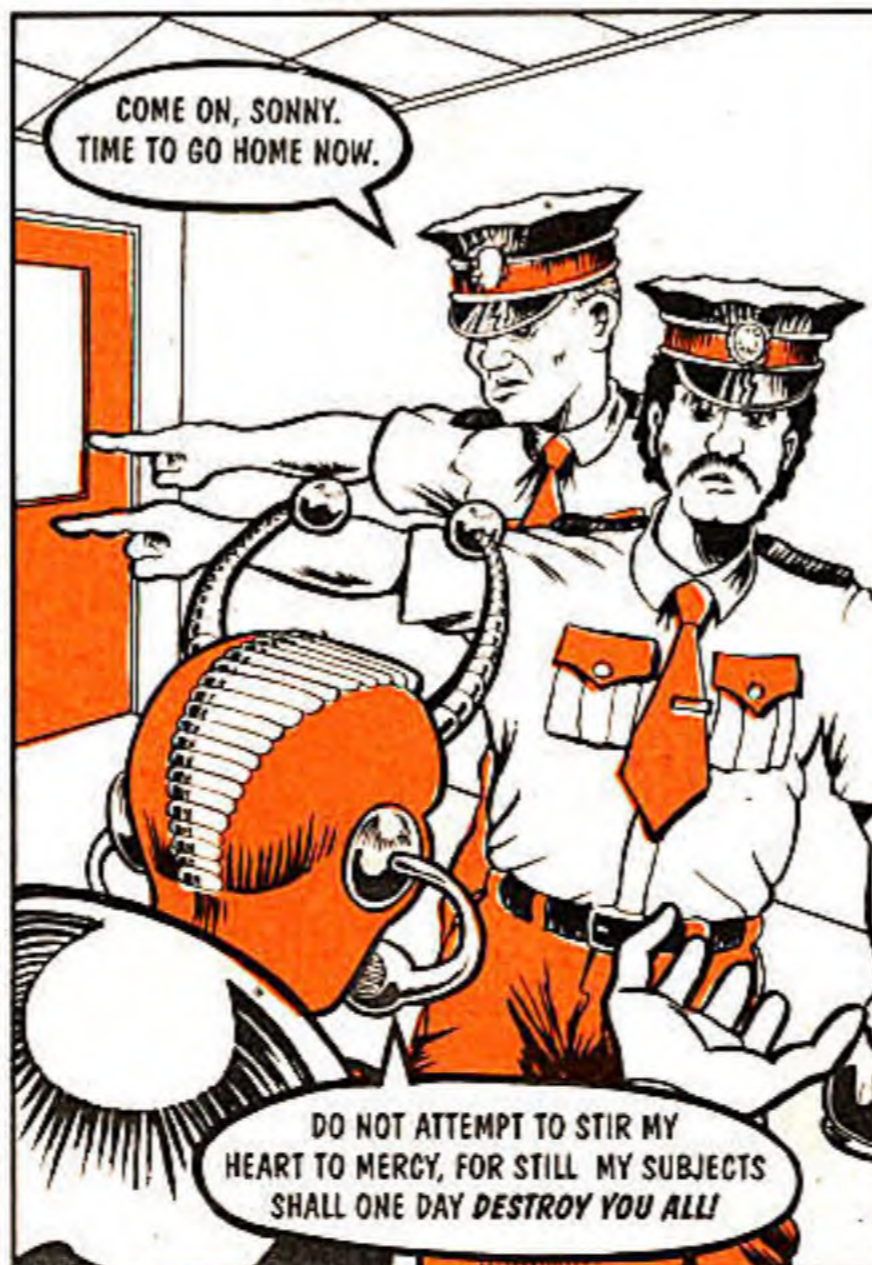
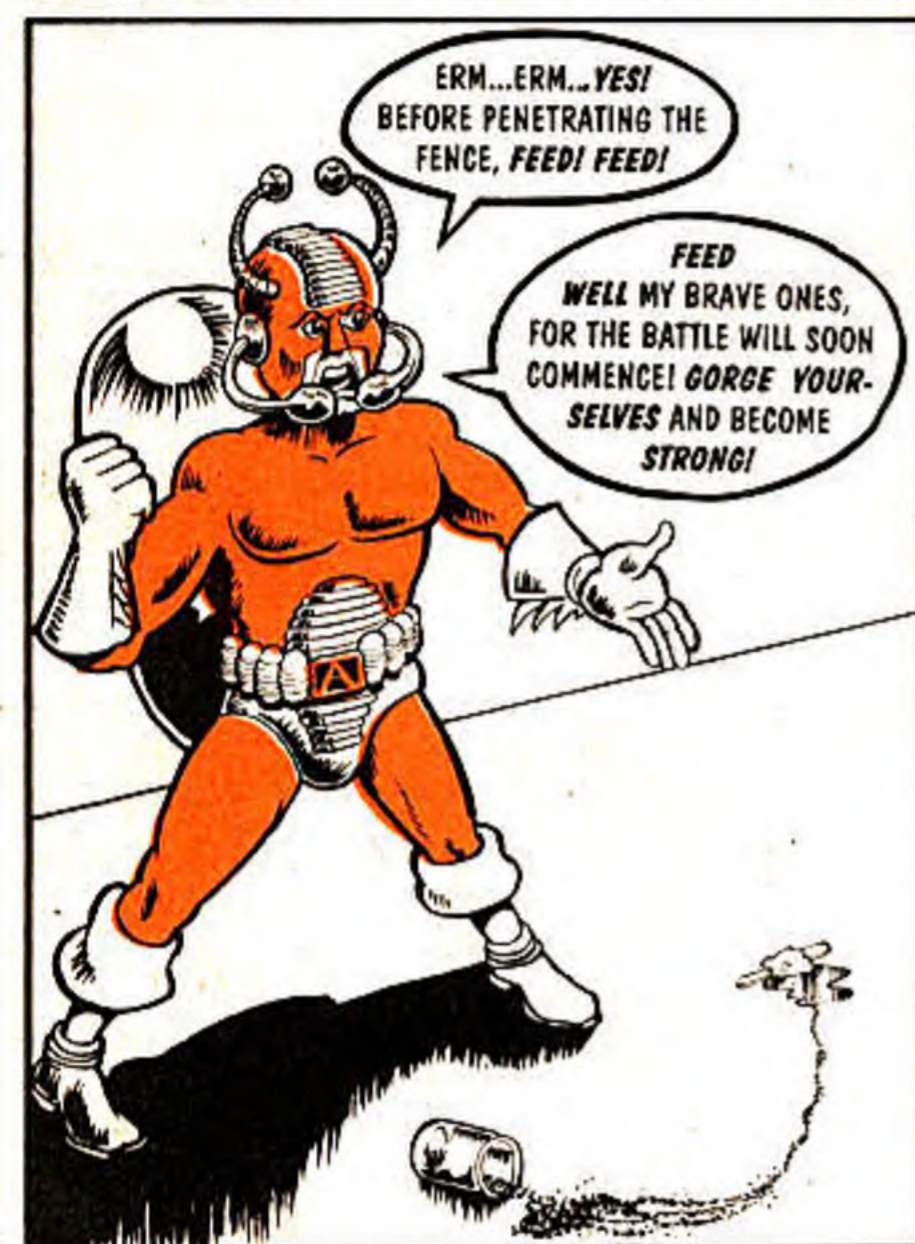
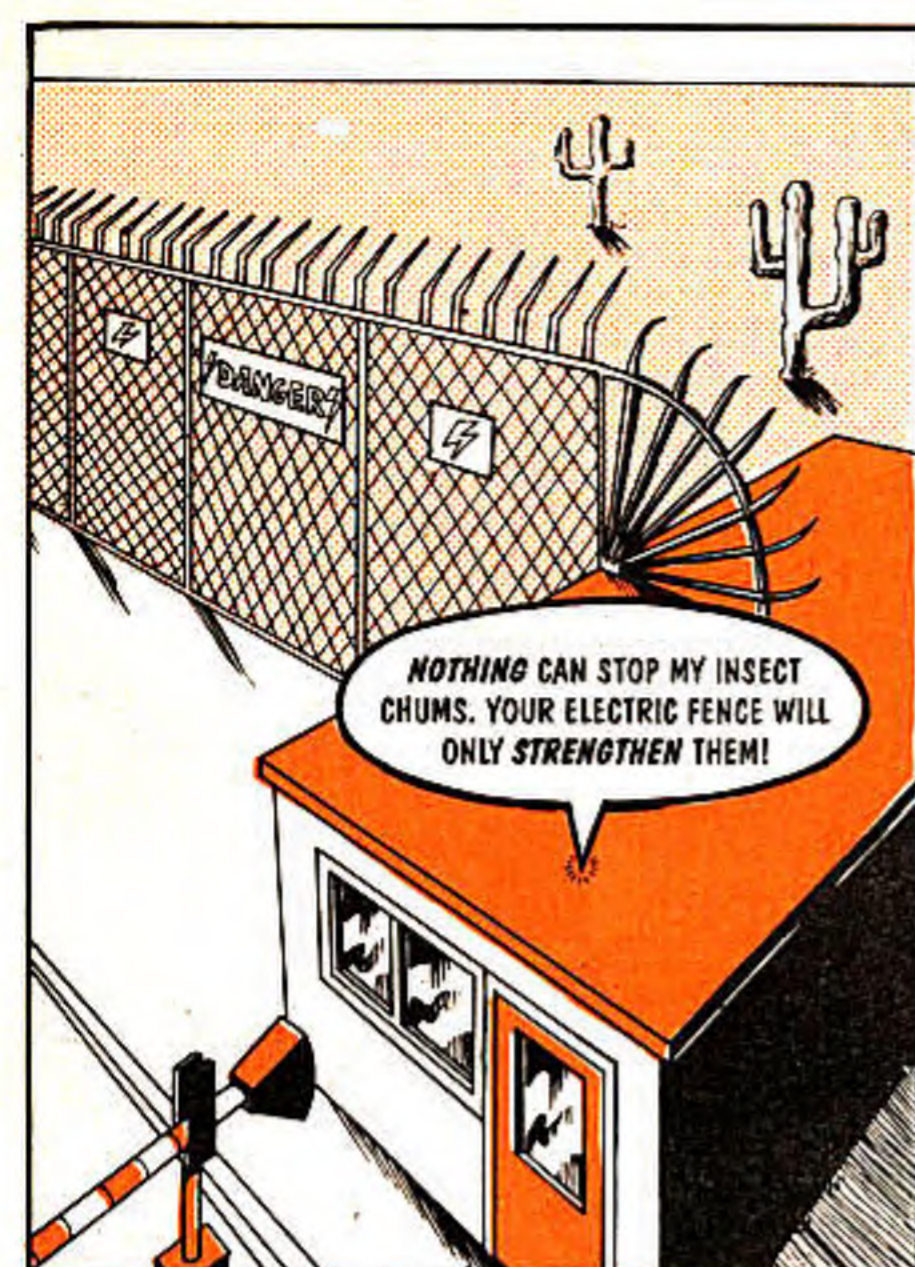
HEY! TRICK OR
TREAT WAS LAST
WEEK, BUDDY.

HAI FOOLS! I'M NOT
HERE TO TRICK YOU. I'M HERE
TO DESTROY YOU!

MY INVINCIBLE ARMY OF ANTS
WILL DEFY YOUR FENCE WITH EASE. ONCE
INSIDE THE COMPOUND, THE SELFLESS SOLDIER
ANTS WILL FORM A CHAIN TO SHORT CIRCUIT
THE CONTROL SYSTEM OF THE
LAUNCH COMPUTER!

YOUR BOMBS WILL RAIN DOWN ON YOUR
OWN CITIES AND ALL HUMAN LIFE ON EARTH...

...WILL BE PUT TO AN END!!

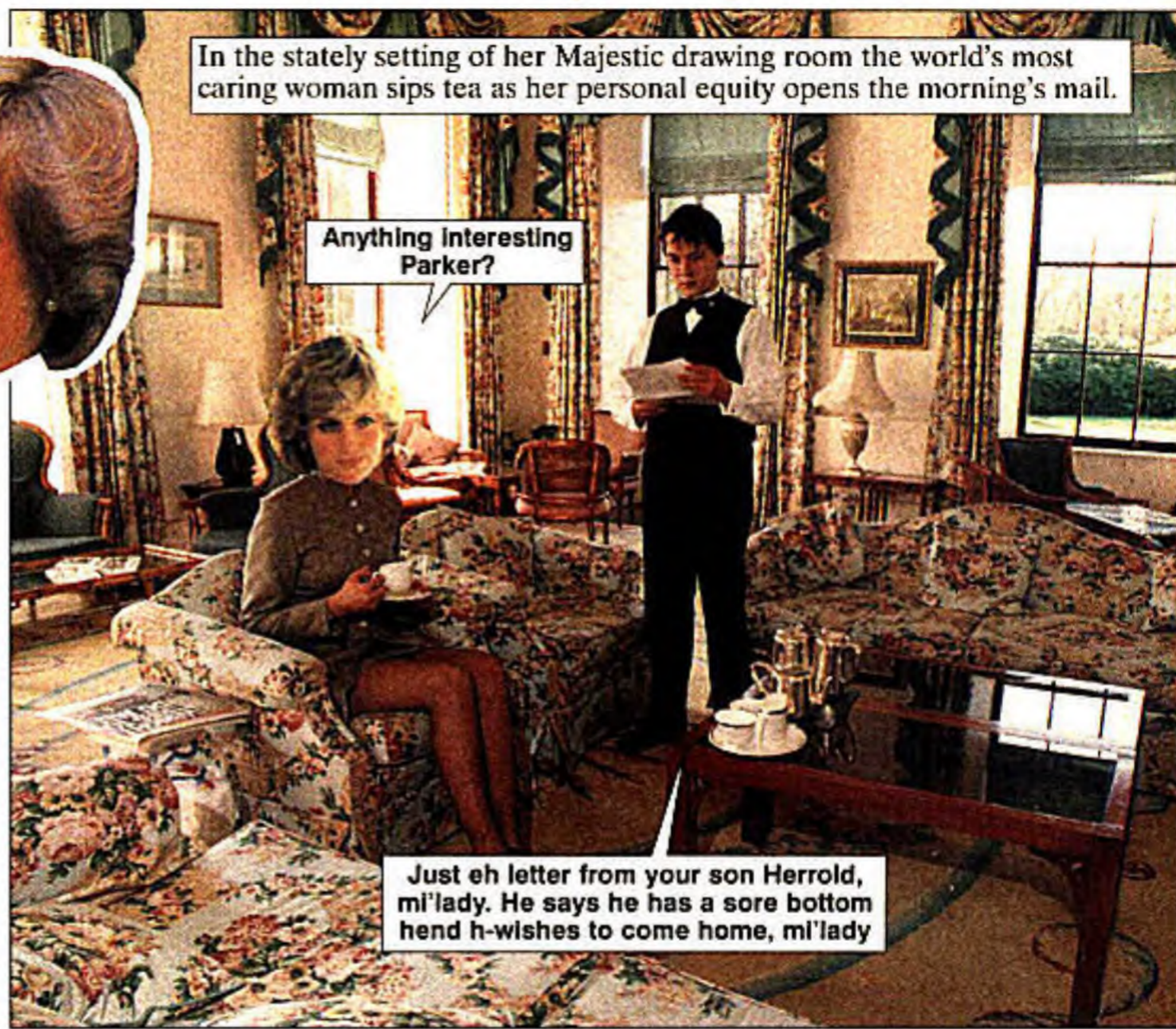


Double trouble for Sci-fi Di in a brand new real-life Royal adventure!

The CLONE Princess



Kensington Palace, London, England.
Home of Diana, Princess of Hearts.



In the stately setting of her Majestic drawing room the world's most caring woman sips tea as her personal equity opens the morning's mail.

Anything interesting Parker?

Just eh letter from your son Herrold, m'lady. He says he has a sore bottom hend h-wishes to come home, m'lady



Nonsense! One is far too busy with may cherrity wlrk to heff children, running eh-round the hlice

Yes m'lady

There's h-another one here h-inviting you to visit an hospital this arf-ternoon



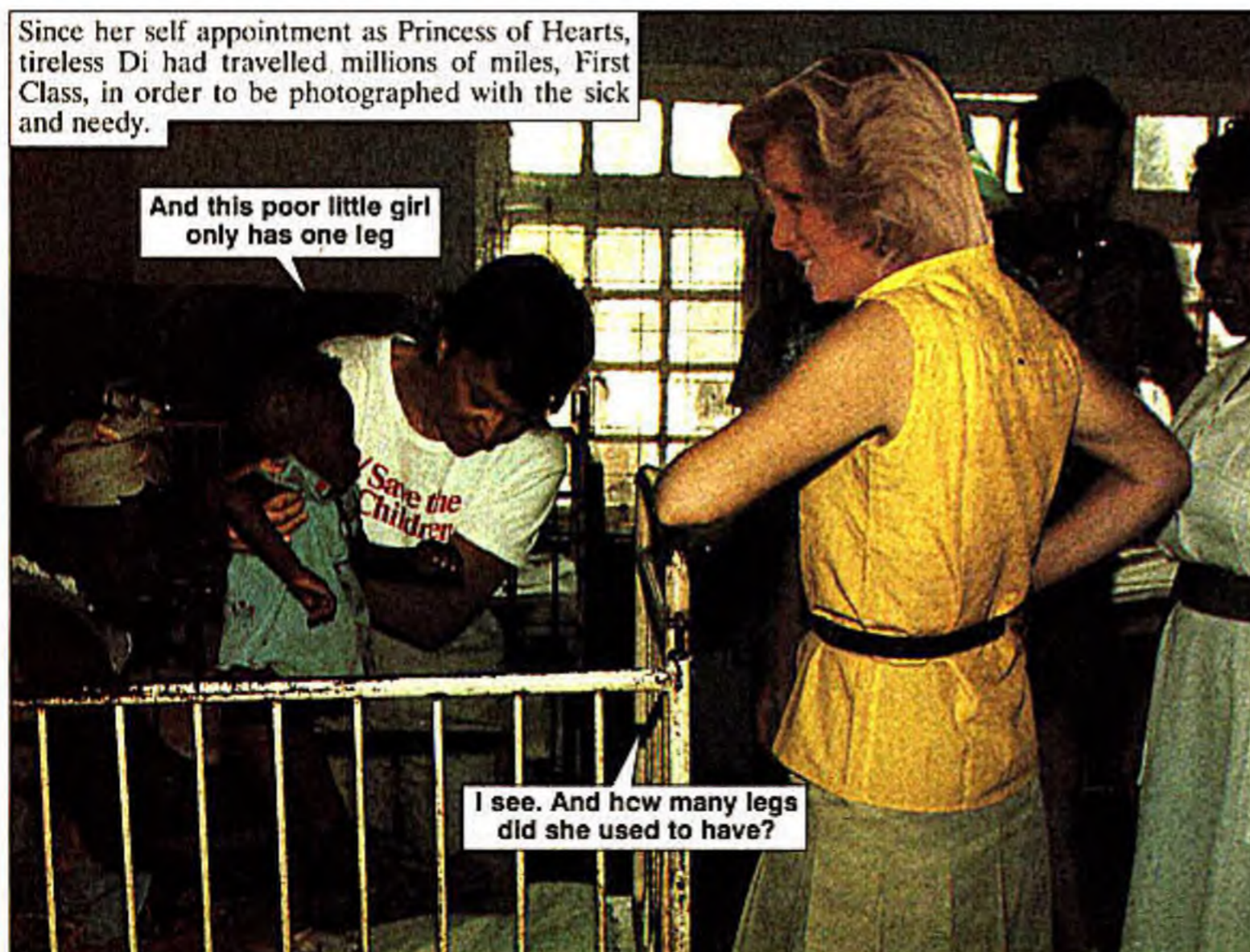
They have some children with legs missing they want you to stand next to

Oh deary me! I'd love to, but I'm going to look at some poor people in cardboard boxes tomorrow. What a shame



I wish I could do more cherrity work but my diary is so full

I suppose one kind, caring heart - no matter how big it is - can only go so far



Since her self appointment as Princess of Hearts, tireless Di had travelled millions of miles, First Class, in order to be photographed with the sick and needy.

And this poor little girl only has one leg

I see. And hcw many legs did she used to have?



Hello. And how many legs have you got?

Two Ma'am

Two eh? That's nice

Just take the flowers and smile, Ma'am

Back at Kensington Palace...



Parse me the paper, Parker

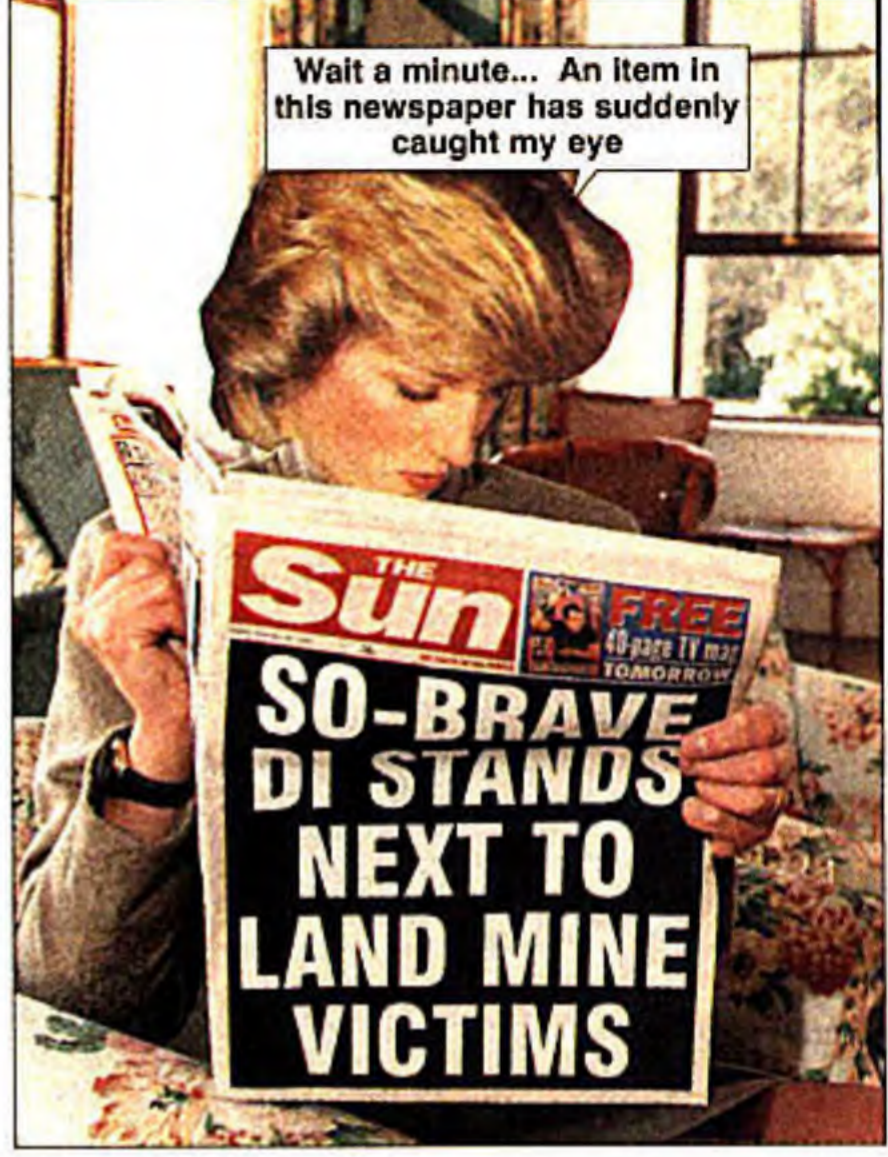
Yes, mi'lady

Let's see how much good I did yesterday



Oh, that's quite a nice picture. That dress does look good on me.

Mind you, my eyes could have been a little doughier. And I'm not sure about the handbag.



Wait a minute... An item in this newspaper has suddenly caught my eye

BOFFINS CLONE SHEEP - SHOCK

Humans next? - sub-shock

Bonkers boffins have bred a brand new baa baa - using a pair of woolly jeans from an old one!

Potty professors used jeanetic engineering to clone their look-alike lamb. And their next nutty notion could be to clone a human being. This creates enormous moral and ethical dilemmas. So we asked stars of TV's East Enders who they would clone given the chance. Mitchell's mum bubbly Babs Windsor said cloning humans would be a right Carry On. "I'd like to bring Reggie Kray back to life. He was a darlin', an he never hurt no-one", Babs told our reporter. "Do what?" said cockney stereotype car dealer Frank Butcher, alias cockney stereotype comic Mike Reid. "I don't Adam and Eve it. You're pullin' my Mystic ain'tcha?"

Di quickly put on a new dress and pink hat, then began to consider the possibilities...

If they could clone a human... they could make a new ME! Then I could do twice as much caring



That afternoon Di called at the Harley Street workshop of Britain's leading jeanetic engineer



Tell me Professor, could you create a clone of me?

A brand new Princess of Hearts? A caring, kindly, dough eyed double, identical to me in every way?

Vell... eet eez possible, yes. But to clone a human... ziss raises enormous moral unt essical k-vestions



It iss vell dodgy.

I could not possibly do it for less zan fifty million pounds



Later, leaning against her character period fireplace, Di dreamed of having a double

Imagine. Two of me! Just think of the photo opportunities

But I'll never raise £50 million now that Charles has taken his credit cards back



I know. I'll tap the mother-in-law for a few quid. That old cow's loaded

Diana picked up the phone and called Buckingham Palace



Hello? Is that the Queen? DI here.

Yes, I'm fine. And you?

Good. Listen, I was wondering if you could lend me a few quid. Just till the weekend...



Bladdy hell Phil, you won't believe this

Whom is it? End h-what do they h-want?

It's Diana. And the cheeky cow is after borrowing some money off us



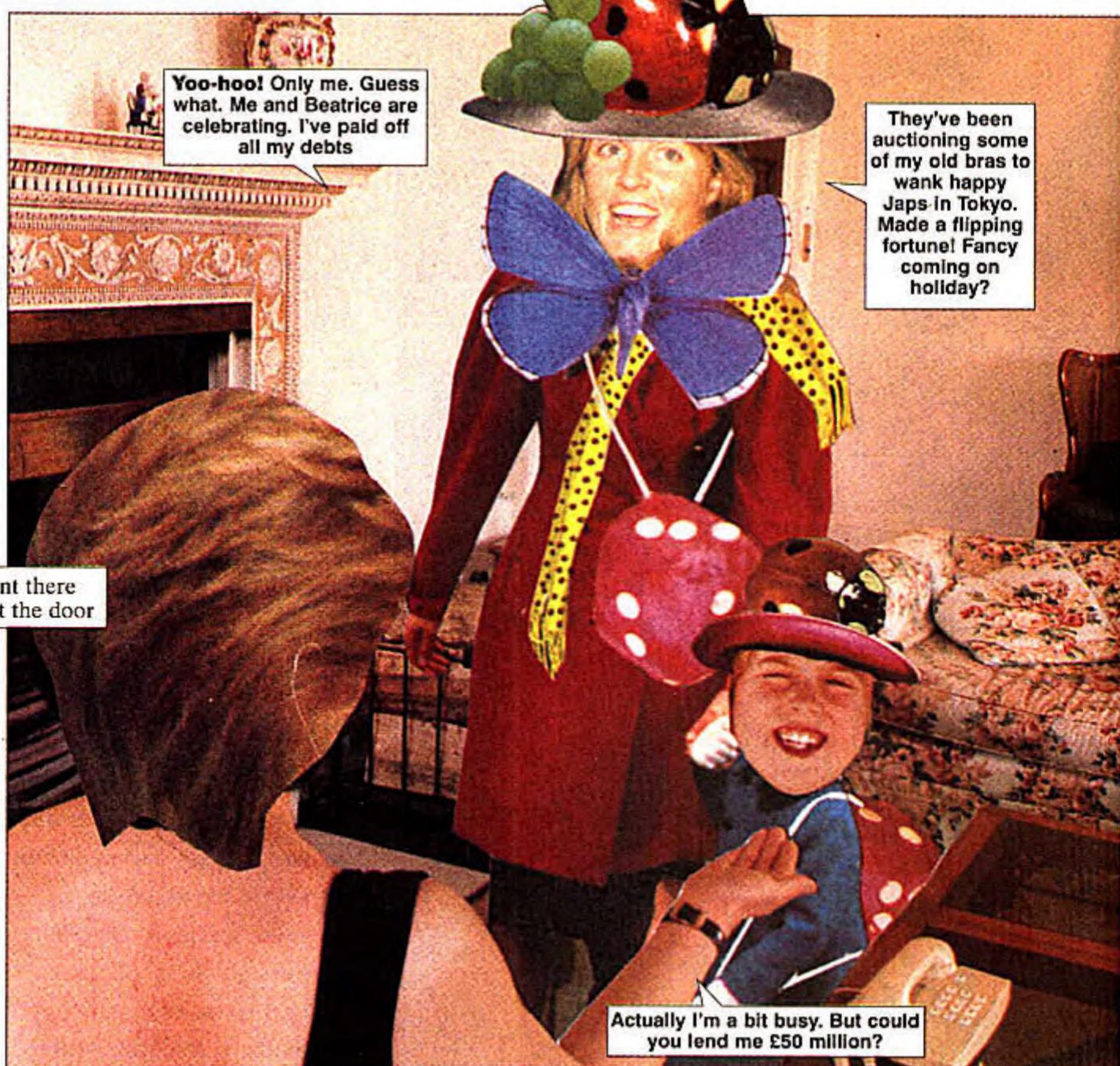
What do you think eh hem? A multi billionaire or somethink? Me and Phil, we don't know where our next yacht is coming from! Fack off and EARN some bleedin' money for a change

Ooh... the language on that! Is there any need?



Earn some money? I wonder what she meant by that?

At that moment there was a knock at the door



Yoo-hoo! Only me. Guess what. Me and Beatrice are celebrating. I've paid off all my debts

They've been auctioning some of my old bras to wank happy Japs in Tokyo. Made a flipping fortune! Fancy coming on holiday?

Actually I'm a bit busy. But could you lend me £50 million?



With the money Di returned to the Professor's workshop

Heff you brought a sample of your jeans?

Yes professor. Here they are

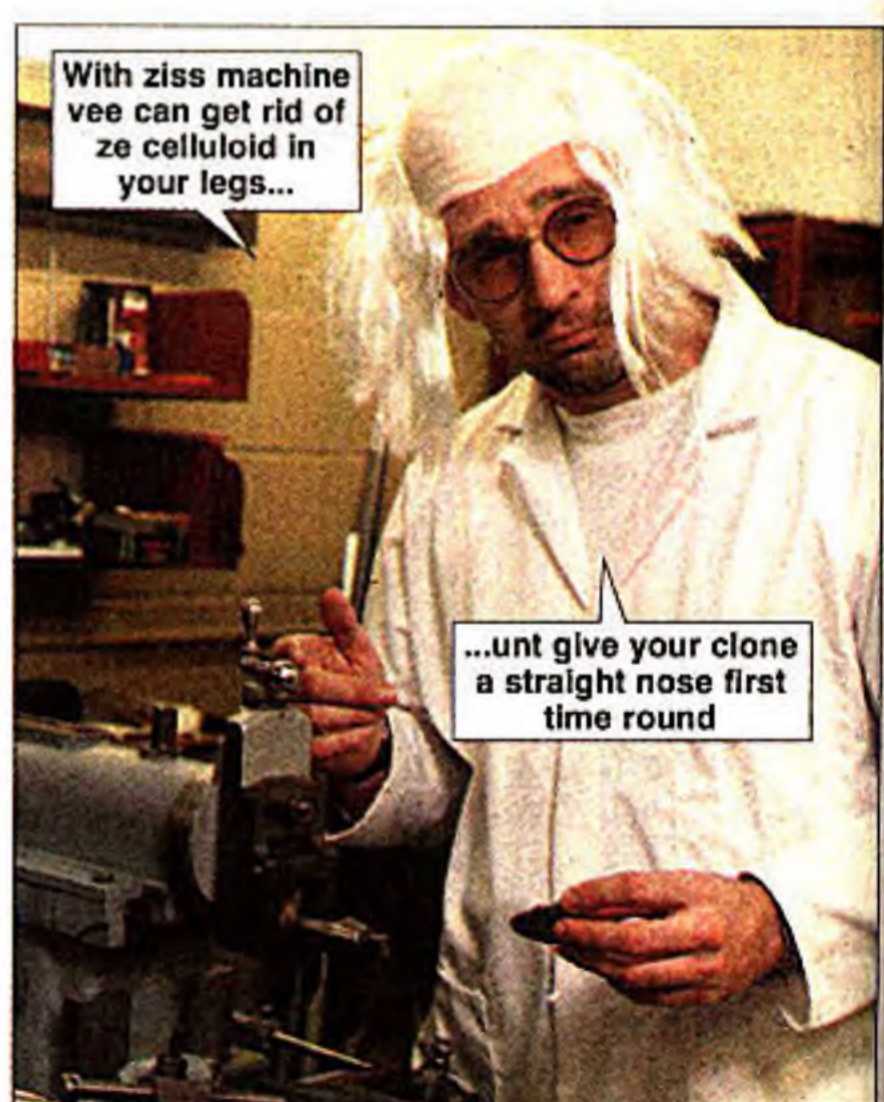
Yah! Zat iss goot!



Mmmmm... very healthy jeans

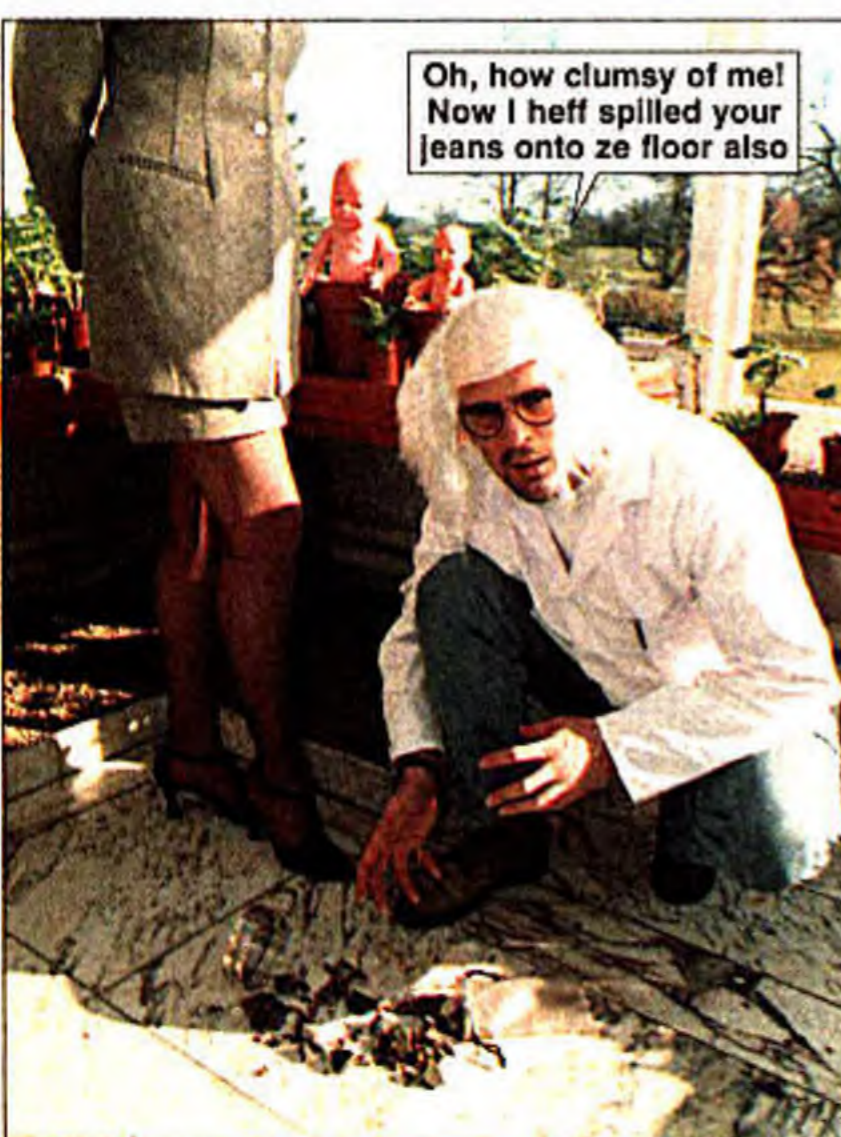
Will it work Professor?

Yes... but first I must engineer zem a little



With ziss machine vee can get rid of ze celluloid in your legs...

...unt give your clone a straight nose first time round



For the next two weeks Di maintained her busy schedule, touring the world in search of ill and injured children

Bloody hell, we've come miles. I hope this is going to be worth it

Apparently there's a maimed child for you to look at, Ma'am.



Erm... this is him. His finger is er... a bit scratched. Just there you see... a little nick



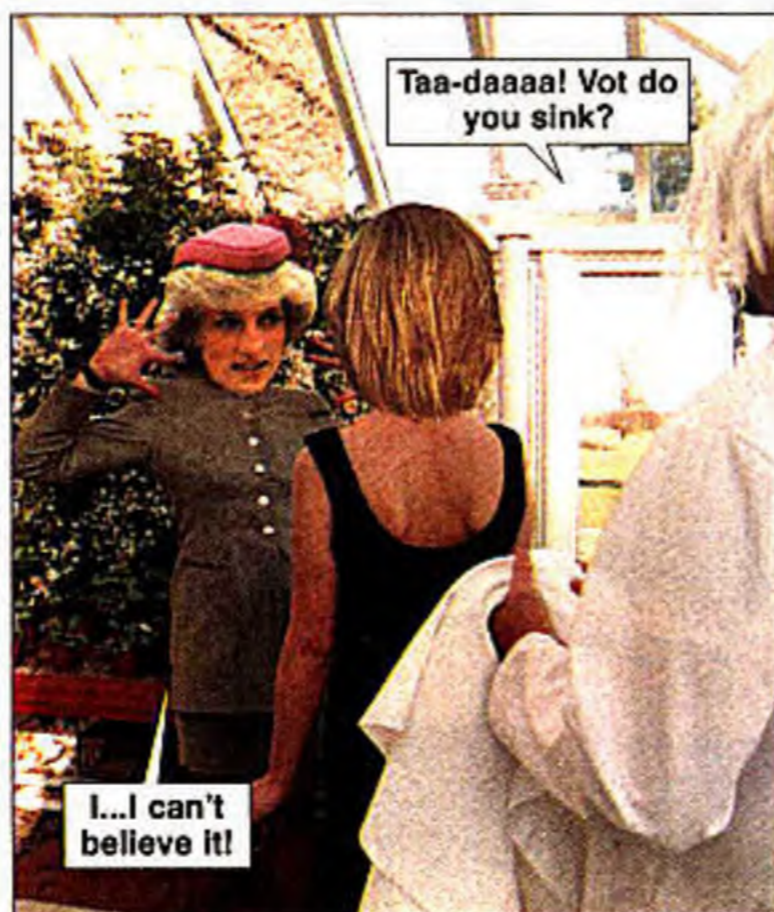
Right. Next, there's a boy over there who has a sprained ankle

Oh dear. The sooner my clone is ready the better. I could get her to double for me on boring visits like this

Eventually two weeks had passed and Di returned to the Professor's greenhouse

Your clone is fully grown and ripe Diana. I voss just about to pick her. Are you ready?

Yes, I can't wait. Let me see her



Taa-daaa! Vot do you sink?

I...I can't believe it!

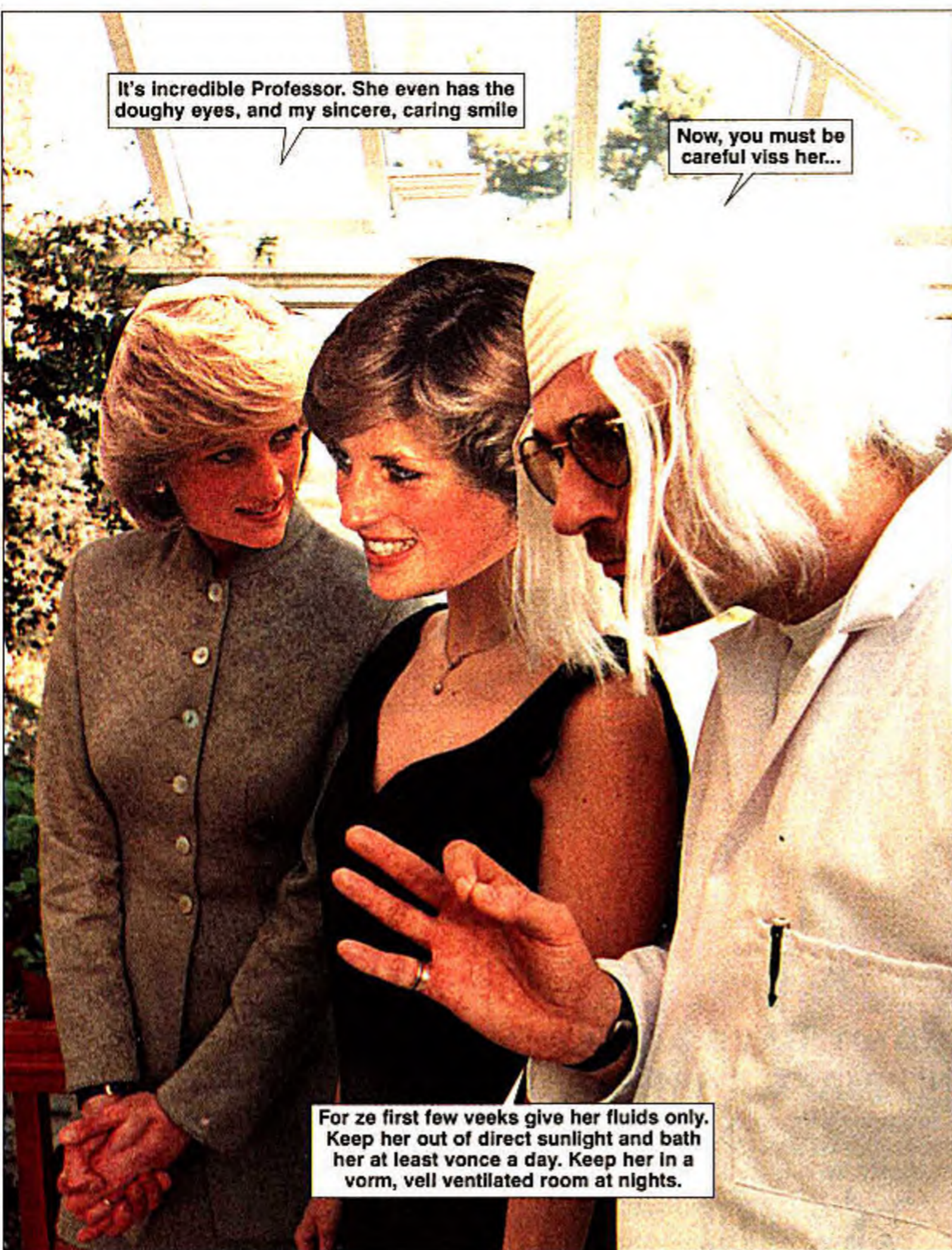


She's perfect! Absolutely perfect!

Just like me. My perfect double

It's incredible Professor. She even has the doughy eyes, and my sincere, caring smile

Now, you must be careful viss her...



For ze first few veeks give her fluids only. Keep her out of direct sunlight and bath her at least vonce a day. Keep her in a vorm, vell ventilated room at nights.



Giff me a reeng if you heff any problems

I won't have any problems! Come on, put your hat on and I'll take you to a brasserie for lunch



I don't want to go to a brasserie! I want to go to Burger King!

Oh... Okay then, we'll go to Burger King... If that's what you want

To be continued in the next issue - on sale end of May